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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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McKEAN COUNTY FAIR AND RACES GREAT SUCCESS

Over Twenty-Five Hundred People See the First Day's Sport and All Pronounce it a Success.

THE RACES WERE EXCITING AND THE EXHIBITS FIRST-CLASS.

To-day is Bradford Day and the Attendance Will be Doubled--A Gay and Gestive Midway--The Booths are Attracting Large Crowds--Everybody Well Pleased with the Fair.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and clear, gladdening the hearts of the managers of the McKean County Fair, after the heavy fall of rain on Monday had half drowned their hopes as well as those of the people of this section generally.

About the only damage the rain did was to delay the finishing touches on the fair so that in reality the First Annual Fair of McKean county did not open until Wednesday morning. On Tuesday there was a great many visitors on the grounds but many of the exhibits were incomplete so no charge of admission was made. People were busy arranging the booths and getting the exhibits in proper shape and therefore Tuesday was a day of work instead of pleasure.

The grounds and buildings are all completed but since the completion of work there has been no time to clean up the odds and ends of boards, etc., and therefore the mark of newness is on everything.

Wednesday was Grange Day and early in the morning Grangers and their friends as well as all other classes commenced coming in so by noon the grounds were well filled. The large field inside the track was filled with rigs, showing that the rural districts and adjoining towns were well represented.

At 1 o'clock p. m. an automobile parade started from the court house and run to the grounds. There were ten in line and they contained the officers of the association, the speakers and prominent men of the borough and county. The parade was headed by the Port Allegany Band, but they dropped out of line at the Wright House and allowed the autos to make the run to the grounds.

At 1:15 in the afternoon notice was given that speaking from the grandstand would start very soon. Within five minutes this large stand was filled to very near its capacity. F. D. Gallup, Secretary of the Fair Association, acted as chairman of the meeting and in a few words introduced Rev. M. H. Houghton of Bradford. This reverend gentleman spoke on the good of county fairs and races generally, advocating this form of competition both for prizes and for the best products and the best horses on the track so long as the sport is carried on in a clean and honorable manner. His talk lasted about ten minutes and was witty and interesting from start to finish.

State Lecturer of the Grange, A. M. Cornell, was then introduced. He gave a most interesting and instructive to his brother and sister Grangers, and farmers in general. He dwelt particularly on the advantages of organization among farmers and the vast amount of good the Grange has already done and will do in the future.

By the time the races were started there were over 2500 people on the grounds. The grand stand was packed to overflowing and both sides of the home stretch was lined six or eight deep. Automobiles and other stylish turnouts were extremely numerous and taking all in all the first day of the fair had a marked metropolitan appearance. Despite the fact that the track, grounds and buildings are hardly finished everything on the first day's (Wednesday) program passed off without a hitch in any way and the managers are deserving of a great deal of credit for their noble work in getting things in shape for a first class fair.

Last evening on the streets everybody was talking fair and none had anything to say but words of praise for it and the officers of the association who are: R. W. Hilton, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; B. T. Garlick, assistant secretary; F. L. Sherburne, general superintendent; James A. McKean, treasurer. And especial credit is due R. W. Hilton, who has given the fair his undivided attention for the past six weeks and it is largely his work that has made the First Annual Fair and Races of the McKean County Fair Association a complete success.

To-day, Thursday, is known as Bradford Day and the Oil Metropolis of McKean county will be represented by a large crowd. Last night's Bradford Star among other things in a long article on the first page said that "the capacity of the grounds should be tested." An excursion over the P., S. & N. R. R. starting from Hornellsville will arrive here by noon to-day and reports from along the line are to the effect that it will carry a record breaking crowd.

The races yesterday were hotly contested in spite of the fact that all were won in straight heats. The events were a 2:18 trot and a 2:40 pace, which were won in alternate heats. A running race of half a mile and repeat was the last on the program. Four entries started in the 2:18 trot, best three in five heats, purse $300, which was won by Afton L., owned by Dr. G. B. Lewis of Owego, N. Y., in straight heats.

Hazel F., b. m.	2	2	2
Mat M., b. g.	4	3	3
Moline, b. m.	3	4	4
Afton L., b. s.	1	1	1

Time 2:28¼, 2:28½, 2:24.

The 2:40 pace, purse $300, contained four entries and was easily won by Black Star, owned and driven by O. J. Whitton of Olean, N. Y. Tom Flood owned by W. A. Lockery of Coudersport was second, and but for frequent breaks would have made the winner do some hustling.

Queene, b. m.	2	3	4
Tom Flood, g. s.	3	2	2
Black Star, b. g.	1	1	1
Nellie Pinewood	4	4	3

Time [illegible].

Only two horses started in the running race, purse $100, Rolly Poly, b. s., owned by H. A. Griswold of Waverly, N. Y., and Betts, s. g. owned by C. C. Powers of Salamanca, N. Y. The latter horse won the race in an exciting finish.

Besides the races and exhibits there are exceptionally good side attractions, including the aerial wonder, William Tessier; the European comedy bar artists, George and Harrington, and Mlle. DeLora, the wonderful contortionist.

The Port Allegany band was in attendance and rendered excellent music during the afternoon. This band made a decided hit with the crowd. To-day and tomorrow the St. Marys band will be in attendance. This organization accompanied the Smethport Hose company to Bradford during the firemen's convention last August and was spoken of as among the best bands in the city at that time.

EXPOSITION BUILDING.

In this building, which is the first story of the grand stand, there are many beautiful booths besides those showing farm products.

In the first two stalls on the right as you enter from the main gate are the farm products, which are under the supervision of Editor Tom M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald. This display is much larger than was expected and shows that McKean county is as good a farming county as any in this section. The corn, potatoes, apples, pumpkins, squashes, and in fact all of the exhibits are unusually fine.

The next in line is Chas. Mosler's art gallery which contains many clever pictures in crayon, etc., of his own productions.

Next you see Redfield's Hardware display, which shows that Smethport's hardware stores are strictly up with the times.

Then follows Oscar Engstrom's collection of old coins, metals and books. This is the largest and most varied collection in the county and is attracting as much attention and admiration as any of the exhibits.

The double booth of the Ladies' Aid of St. Elizabeth's church is next and displays much fancy work, among which is a *name* quilt made by a lady 84 years of age and represents her family tree for the past hundred years.

The millinery display of Carrie Reilly Clark & Co. follows and holds a strong attraction for the ladies.

Groceries are displayed by the Brownell Bros. store in a very neat manner. H. C. Wells occupies the end booth on the right with a fine display of medicines for both man and beast.

Fry & Comes have a very neat booth, displaying dry goods and furnishings. The Lindholm Co. display dry goods, shoes and furnishings in the next booth.

Then follows Anderson & Carlson with a large display of shoes.

The next booth is filled with Woman's Work and is under the superintendency of Sandford L. Fry. This department comprises much fancy work and attracts a great deal of interest.

Mrs. O. H. Barker's display of curios and foreign fancy articles is most complete and attracts many lovers of these relics of many countries.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett displays a fine line of novelties and ladies furnishings.

The Culinary Department which is under the management of J. W. Waite contains a good supply of cakes, breads, cookies, pies, butter and other articles too numerous to mention.

The Midway or Pike which is at the left of the Main entrance has over 40 attractions of various kinds. There are two Ferris Wheels, The Old Plantation, tin type gallery, cane stands, paddle wheels, makers of various novelties and all the shows and games that go with the up-to-date fairs, lunch counters, and soft drink emporiums. There is plenty of fun on the Pike.

The exhibits of farm machinery are by W. C. Dickenson and Walter Daly representing the International Harvester Company, have a good display of farm machinery comprising wagons, rakes, mowing machines, manure spreaders, gas or gasoline spreaders, cultivators, weeders and harrows. Charles Phalen is also displaying a 20th century manure spreader, manufactured by Joseph S. Kemp.

The horse exhibit comprises a number of good horses in the various classes. There are about 30 entered and most classes are well represented.

In the cattle department there are good entries in most of the classes, showing that cattle raising is coming up in McKean and adjoining counties.

There is some sharp competition in the sheep exhibits and the flocks and single entries are unusually good.

In the poultry tent there are many pens of nice fowls and there are also good exhibits of ducks and geese.

Bishop Whitehead's Visitation at St. Luke's and Meeting of the Northern Convocation.

Bishop Whitehead and a number of the clergy from the northern part of the Diocese of Pittsburg arrived in Smethport at 4 p. m. on Monday. At the first service of the Convocation that evening at 8 o'clock the Bishop confirmed a class of ten.

The clergy present besides the Rector and the assistant minister of St. Luke's were: the Rev. A. L. Cole, Archdeacon, the Rev. Dr. Kieffer of Bradford, the Rev. Mr. Robertson of Emporium, the Rev. Mr. McGann and Rev. Mr. Miller of Erie, the Rev. Mr. Johns of Clearfield, the Rev. Mr. Harvey of Ridgway, the Rev. Mr. Fairlie of Port Allegany, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell of Phillipsburg, the Rev. Mr. McEwan of Johnsonburg, the Rev. Mr. Hawkins of DuBois, the Rev. Mr. Potter of Punxsutawney, the Rev. Mr. Clay of Foxburg and the Rev. Mr. Donaghay of Charleroi.

Several of the clergy were unable to come on account of sick parishioners and funerals.

The Rev. Mr. McGann, the new Rector of St. Paul's, Erie, who succeeded Bishop Spalding, preached the sermon which was an exceedingly helpful and practical one, on the subject of "Watchfulness." After the service there was a reception for the Bishop and the visiting clergy in the parlors of the parish house. A large number of people were present.

There was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist on Tuesday at 7:30 a. m., the Bishop being the Celebrant. After morning prayer at 9:30 there was an interesting discussion on "Public Worship." At 12 o'clock m. prayers were said for missions, after which the Bishop, Archdeacon Cole and Mr. Turner Shacklett of Erie, the Diocesan Treasurer, spoke on the subject of Diocesan missions. A luncheon in the parish house was served at one p. m. by a committee of the ladies of St. Luke's Guild. At the afternoon service at 3:30 o'clock there was an essay on "Church Music" by Rev. Mr. Clay of Foxburg, followed by addresses by the Bishop, Dr. Kieffer, Mr. McCandless, Dr. McCoy, Mr. Miller, Mr. McEwan, Mr. Johns and others. The final service was at 8 p. m., a Choral Evensong, sung by Rev. Mr. Clay. Addresses were made on the subject of the "Cultivation of the Spiritual Life" by the Archdeacon and the Bishop. A large vested choir was in attendance at the services. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis sung on Monday evening were dedicated to St. Luke's choir by the composer, A. L. Custance, and published last summer. On Tuesday evening another service by the same author was sung, the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in E, Custance anthem "In the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth," was sung as the Offertory, on Monday.

The clergy expressed themselves as delighted with Smethport, its churches and people and the Bishop hoped that they all might be invited again. Much interest was shown in the services. The last convocation held here was in 1898. The Bishop went to Eldred and Port Allegany from Smethport and administered Confirmation at those places.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs Laura Taylor.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Your horse will soon need a new blanket, see Holmes & Gilfillan about it.

Subscribe for the MINER.

CRIMINAL COURT IN SESSION

Many Cases on Docket—The Attendance Is Unusually Large.

JOHN McNALLY FOUND GUILTY.

Eulogies Upon the Late George A. Berry by Members of the Bar Grand Jury Findings

The October term of Quarter Sessions convened at the court house at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon with Judge Joseph W. Bouton, presiding. The afternoon was devoted to eulogies upon the life and character of the late George A. Berry, in which Judge Bouton and nearly every member of the bar paid feeling tribute to the deceased. Court then adjourned as a further mark of respect for the memory of Mr. Berry.

On Tuesday the trial of John McNally, charged with having knocked down and robbed Fred Barton of Eldred, was held and was found guilty.

The grand jury has returned true bills against: Mike Payne, charged with assault and battery; John Pingle, Charles Dennio and Emanuel Paussy, assault and battery; Nina Taylor, acting as a detective without authority; John Gorman, selling liquor to persons of known intemperate habits; Mike Guy and Antonio Coots, shooting with intent to kill; John Sponto, assault; John McNally, assault with intent to kill; Hugh Lacey, larceny. Harvey Burroughs, assault with intent to kill; Lloyd Borst, larceny;

The following cases were nol prossed: Commonwealth vs. Mike Turback, assault and battery; Com. vs. William Dixon, assault and battery; Com. vs. Mrs. McCourt, assault and battery; Com. vs. J. J. Smith, assault and battery, and Com. vs. B. F. Driscoll, kidnapping.

John Gorman of Mt. Jewett pleaded guilty to the charge of having furnished liquor to men of known intemperate habits and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25, costs of prosecution and to spend 45 days in the county jail.

Tuesday afternoon the case of the Commonwealth against Mike Guy and Antonio Coots was tried. The defendants are Italians who shot a bystander in a shooting affray at Lewis Run some time ago.

Tuesday the case of Commonwealth vs. Lloyd W. Borst, larceny, was called. Defendant pleaded guilty.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. John McCrum, convicted at June session of assault and battery upon the person of R. H. White, he was fined $25 and costs.

Commonwealth vs. Hugh Lacey, larceny of a razor, defendant pleaded guilty and was fined $50 and costs, return goods and serve six months in county jail.

Commonwealth vs. Olney Burrows, charge of assault with intent to kill. After the evidence for the prosecution was in Burrows withdrew his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs, and serve a term of three and a half years at hard labor in the Western Penitentiary.

Nina Taylor, charged with being a detective without authority, was found not guilty and the costs were divided between the defendant and Mrs. Leshe.

Entered Into Rest.

John Stratton entered into rest on the twenty-seventh day of September in the 75th year of his age. An enfeebled bodily state led to heart failure which caused the last sad scene to come suddenly and peacefully. Service was held by the Rev. A. C. Willey of Smethport from his late residence on Friday at 2 p. m., where the family, an only surviving sister, Mrs. Strong, and her son of Girardville, Pa., her niece, Mrs. Anster, of Smethport, with many friends assembled to offer their last gifts of respect and love for the departed. Interment was made in Smith cemetery.

The late Mr. Stratton was born in Bristol, England, and resided there until twenty years of age, when he was married to Miss Annie Alford of Bath, England. They came to this country and resided in Scranton, Pa., until 1867 when they moved onto a farm near Coryville which has ever since been the family home. Mr. Stratton was an upright citizen, a consistent Christian man whose life was characterized by strict honesty, by patience and by love of home. The surviving members of this family are the widow, three daughters and six sons, whose memory of him will always be sacred.

⁂

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

See our fine display of Guns and Ammunition. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Died at Smethport, February 13, 1880, Orlo J. Hamlin, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

The deceased was born at Sharon, Ct., the second day of December, 1803. He came with the other members of his father's family to Pennsylvania in 1814 and lived for several years in Wayne and Bradford counties. In the year 1824 he went to Towanda where he taught school for a short time and at that place read law with Simon Kinney, Esq. He was admitted as a member of the bar at Towanda in 1826. In that year he came to Smethport. He started from Towanda with the intention of locating at Warren, Pa., but on his way met at Smethport with John King who had charge of the extensive land estate of John Keating and Co., with Jonathan Colegrove, who was connected with the Ridgway lands, with Soloman Sartwell, who was doing a large mercantile and lumber business, and with others then prominent in the affairs of McKean county. They urged him not to go any farther but to locate here. He concluded to accept of their proffers of business and to remain. He has lived in Smethport from that time to the day of his death.

In 1828 he was married to Orra L. Cogswell, also of Connecticut, but who was then in this county visiting her uncle, Jonathan Colegrove. The result of this union was three children, Henry, John C. and Pauline, wife of Robert King. His wife survives him, and she with three children above named, who are all married and have adult children, reside here.

The *first court* held in McKean county was in September, 1826. At this time there were present Hon. Edward Herrick, president judge, and Joseph Otto and Joel Bishop, associate judges, with Timothy Newell, prothonotary. The lawyers present were Ellis Lewis, William Garretson and Peter R. Adams of Tioga county, Simon Kinney of Bradford county, Anson Parsons of Lycoming county and Henry Bryan and Chauncey J. Fox of Cattaraugus county, N. Y. There was then no resident lawyer in McKean county. At the December term following, 1826, Orlo J. Hamlin and John W. Howe of McKean county were admitted as members of the bar. Of this number the only one now believed to be living is Hon. A. V. Parsons, who resides in Philadelphia and is an octogenarian.

Mr. Hamlin was a member of the legislature in 1832 and a delegate to the convention in 1836 and 1837, in which was framed the Constitution of Pennsylvania, adopted in 1838. In 1837 he was compelled to resign his seat in the convention by reason of ill health. Hiram Payne was chosen to succeed him.

At that time a journey to Harrisburg had to be made on horseback. The route lay through Coudersport and thence through nearly sixty miles of wilderness to Jersey Shore; and to traverse the whole distance required a full week of hard labor.

Mr. Hamlin possessed a weak physical constitution and, though well formed and five feet and ten inches in height, seldom weighed above one hundred and ten pounds. After his retirement from the convention he partially recovered his strength, and continued, with such interruptions as were caused by feeble health, to practice law until the fall of 1851, when he entirely broke down and never came into court to do any business afterwards. The last cause of public importance he was engaged in was as counsel for the prosecution in the trial of Uzza Robbins, who was convicted of murder in 1840. This trial took place in the Methodist church, the same building in which the courts are now held, and which was then used as a court room for the same reason as now. It so happened that Mr. Hamlin was present at the first term of the court held in the court house, now lately torn down, and delivered the first address made in it to the court, and which turned out to be his last. In his room and on his bed he has lived to see an erection made of brick and stone which was considered enduring pass away before his frail body. The judges before whom he practiced law have all been called to answer before their Judge, whose decrees are just and from which there can be no appeal.

Of the lawyers with whom he had many hard contests for legal victory, there only remains S. P. Johnson of Warren, C. B. Curtis of Erie and A. S. Diven of Elmira. The frailest of any has outlived them all, with the exceptions of above stated, and those were his juniors in years.

Though weak in body, the subject of this sketch was the fortunate possessor of a mind of great superiority. When a proposition was presented to him for his conclusion, or to present for the determination of others, he had the habit and the power to analyze it in all its parts, separating its components into shreds, tracing each backward to a firm foundation, and building upward piece by piece, strengthening each by apt illustration and cogent reasoning.

(To be continued.)

THE REALM OF UNREALITY

By HARRY PRESTON

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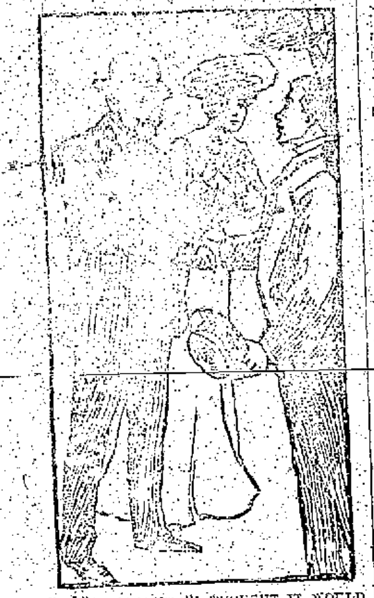
Allen strode across the grounds in the mellow warmth of that early summer afternoon and sought his favorite retreat—a rustic seat in the shadow of the beeches near the northern wall. He opened a magazine he had borrowed from the superintendent's office and strove to interest himself in the pages, but the articles seemed to be composed of meaningless jumbles of words, and the illustrations seemed distorted and unreal. He tossed the magazine with a sigh and closed his eyes. He was very, very tired.

He was afraid, too, that Thompson would come along and worry him about the codicils of that will. Thompson had been dead these five years, and, moreover, those codicils had been fixed to his satisfaction long before his demise, but Thompson seemed totally indifferent to the trouble he was causing. Instead of staying peacefully in his grave he came poking along at any old hour of the day or night asking most absurd questions and making all sorts of annoying suggestions.

Allen had spoken to the superintendent about Thompson that very afternoon. He had said politely that if he were to stay here they must keep Thompson out. The superintendent had been very kind. He had assured Allen the matter would be attended to. He bade him worry over it no more. And then the superintendent had looked at him intently. Allen was keen enough to recognize the pity in that glance.

It was strange that they should pity him; everything [illegible]. Nothing had been real since that day in the courthouse [illegible]



"AH," HE SAID, "I THOUGHT IT WOULD COME."

[illegible] rest. He strove vainly to grasp the meaning of it all. He wouldn't mind staying here if they only would contrive to keep Thompson decently in his grave. If they did—if they only did— How tired he was!

Allen nodded somnolently. His chin sank to his chest and he slept.

When he opened his eyes he was aware some one was standing near him. He half suspected it was Thompson on another of his obnoxious visits, but a second glance assured him it was not. It was a woman—a young and pretty woman—and she was smiling pleasantly. Allen jumped to his feet and lifted his hat.

"Good afternoon," he said gravely.

"Good afternoon," she returned. "You've been enjoying a nap, haven't you?"

"I may have been dozing," he admitted. He looked at her for a moment in troubled abstraction. "You haven't any codicils you want put in your will?" he asked anxiously.

"Dear, no!" she laughed.

Allen looked relieved.

"You see," he explained, "everything of late is very unreal. I presume you, too, are unreal, but if you haven't any wills to be fixed I shall be very glad of your company."

She laughed again, and her laugh was good to hear. Its infection set Allen smiling.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked, motioning her to the seat.

She caught up the magazine from the ground. "Can't I read to you?" she asked.

"If you would be so good," said he. "I tried to read myself, but somehow I couldn't seem to grasp the thread of things. I hope Thompson won't come poking around," he added.

"Thompson has been forbidden the grounds," she said reassuringly, and, opening the magazine, she began to read in a sweet, low voice that soothed Allen wonderfully. She read until sunset, and Allen, to his infinite joy, found he could grasp the meaning of all she read.

After that they met at the beeches every pleasant afternoon. She always brought a book or a magazine, and Allen, seated on the ground before her, found his interest in life returning. Moreover, Thompson had ceased to trouble him. He began to feel that some time in the future matters would adjust themselves properly. As to the present, he was content to sit at her feet and listen to her full, rich voice.

One afternoon when the reading was ended for the day and the sun made long shadows of the trees Allen rose and stood looking at her thoughtfully.

"You see," he said, "I don't know whether you are real or only a phantom—like Thompson, and so I may speak freely. If you are real, I love you. If you are unreal—well, then I want to stay here like this for the rest of my days."

The girl flushed scarlet. She dropped the book and fled across the grounds. Allen stood watching her flight with a puzzled frown.

"Suppose she is just another phantom like Thompson—suppose she [illegible]," he muttered, and the bare thought of such a possibility made him sick at heart.

* * *

It came like a flash. Allen was walking toward the beeches one sunny afternoon when [illegible] tracks and [illegible] and trembling. [illegible] was perfectly [illegible]. He was a well man [illegible] take up his life where he had dropped it.

He made his way to the beeches and sat down, but as he did so a sudden fear tightened his throat. How about this girl, who had come to mean so much to him? Was she a reality, or had she been only an image of his tired brain? Suppose the latter were the case!

He heard voices and lifted his eyes. Across the lawn the superintendent was approaching, and with him was the girl. Allen leaped to his feet and ran forward.

"Thank God," he cried, beside himself with joy.

The superintendent looked at him narrowly for a moment and then seized his hand.

"Ah," he said, "I thought it would come. You may well thank God, Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] with his budget of wisdom [illegible] that poetry never paid [illegible] Lock at Rogers!"

In vain was Mrs. Mullangar assured that there were exceptional circumstances. She was confident their book would sell. Mr. Herrion at last got out of the scrape by suggesting that, as Mr. Tait was unwilling to publish books of poetry, they should try Blackwood. He does not say whether Blackwood was duly grateful or whether he published the book, but as it has never been heard of it is very probable he did not.—Chambers' Journal.

In and Out.

Although Foote undoubtedly enjoyed his reputation as the greatest wit of his day, he was quick to recognize and appreciate wit in others.

On one occasion when passing by the king's bench his attention was attracted by a barber's shop, the owner of which, not being able to pay for new glass in several panes which had been broken before his occupancy, had substituted paper ones for them. Over the shop door was written this inscription:

Here lives Jeremy Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England,
Almost.
Not quite.

Foote, after laughing well over the sign, became convinced that the owner must be an eccentric but not a stupid person. He determined to satisfy his curiosity immediately, so, putting his head through one of the paper panes, he inquired:

"Is Jeremy Wright at home, pray?"

"No, sir," came the reply as the barber instantly thrust his head out through another of the paper panes; "no, sir. He has just popped out."

"Good," exclaimed the delighted Foote, and he left the barber richer by a guinea without his having exercised his vocation of shaving upon the noted wit, who hurried off, laughing, to tell the story.

Slight Misunderstanding.

"Let me see," said the minister who was filling out the marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the seventh, is it not?"

"No, sir," snapped the bride, with some show of indignation. "This is only my third, if any one should ask you."—Detroit Tribune.

A Gentleman.

There is no such thing as being a gentleman at important moments. It is at unimportant moments that a man is a gentleman. At important moments he ought to be something better.—G. K. Chesterton.

The Able Lawyer.

"They say he's an authority on constitutional law."

"I think he's an authority on unconstitutional law. According to him, there's very little of any other kind."

Capable and Alarming.

Percy—I'm afraid of Miss Isabel. Guy—Why? Percy—Oh, she looks at me as if she could make me propose if I were left alone with her.—Life.

BETWEEN TRAINS

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

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The mail express stopped at Rockland, and two solitary passengers alighted. A man, tall, lean and dark, left the first coach; a woman, slight, plump and fair, descended from the [illegible]. Midway in their listless course to a somewhat ancient carryall they met.

"[illegible] I might have known it!" she cried [illegible].

The man said nothing at all.

"[illegible]," said the woman, with [illegible] recognition. "You are going [illegible]?"

[illegible]

"And have I got to go up in that trap with you?"

"You need not. I shall walk," he said calmly.

"You will do nothing of the kind," she ordered. "And have them wondering and questioning? You will go up in the trap with me."

He led the way to the aged vehicle, and she followed. When they were seated and a series of noisy jerks announced their triumphal progress, he looked at her with quiet amusement.

"They will think we have come together," he said. "Do they know you are coming?"

"No," she snapped. "And I suppose you are surprising them too?"

"[illegible]," he [illegible].

She climbed [illegible]

[illegible]

She broke off with an unwilling little laugh. "[illegible] to town and throws us together here with [illegible] of an interruption."

[illegible]

"[illegible] I don't [illegible]."

She sat down on the edge of the platform where he had left her and swung her feet in idle discontent.

It was very lonely. She always had had a horror of [illegible], and the [illegible] in the trees about her [illegible] strength. She began to be [illegible] that she had let Stanley go. At least she could quarrel with him, and anything was better than this awesome silence.

Suddenly there was a noise from the little station, a hoarse cry, and then the sound of a heavy fall. Mrs. Leonard sprang to her feet, every nerve strung tight.

"Alecky!" she screamed. "Where are you, Alecky?" She fled across the platform and into the little station house. There was no one in the first room and only the murky light of a kerosene lamp.

She crossed it, trembling with fright, her breath coming in gasps, to the second room and stumbled over a dark [illegible] the floor. It groaned and muttered [illegible].

Mrs. Leonard crept back to the light, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] "Now hurry [illegible]," he [illegible] snapping open his watch.

[illegible]

Stanley eyed him intently and without favor. "That train is never on time," he said.

[illegible]

After a while the southern twilight was deepening. A star or two winked out in the purple dusk of the sky, and down the long dusty road the katydids disputed noisily.

Nothing was in sight on the station platform, and only the sudden rattle of a telegraph instrument from the station itself gave any sign of habitation.

"You had better get out and wait on the platform, Mrs. Leonard," said the man.

"Thank you, Mr. Stanley," said the woman, and followed him stiffly when he had helped her from the carryall.

Stanley sat down upon a trunk and whistled softly to himself. Mrs. Leonard paced the farthest end of the platform in superb silence. After a little he joined her with a laugh.

"Apparently," he said, "we're the only human beings in this solitude. I see the staff of [illegible] down the road to get a drink before train time. There's [illegible] a few hundred yards off. I suppose you noticed it."

"I did not," she said frigidly.

"Interesting things, these plantation stores," he [illegible].

"I have never found them so." She smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from her glove.

"Now, see here," said Stanley, "would you mind telling me just why I'm being snubbed and cut and frozen this way? I've said I wasn't going to propose to you again. What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid!" she mocked. "I'm not afraid. I'm tired, that's all, of being persecuted. Every one thinks I ought to marry you." Her voice began to tremble. "You think so, too, and the fact that I don't agree with them nor you makes no difference at all. You simply go on waiting in that maddeningly certain way, as if you had only to bide your time and I'd give in. Well, why should I? I'm happy as I am; I have my friends and my amusements. Who are you that I should give them up for you?"

"Nobody," said the man meekly. "Nobody at all."

"I can't even go out of town for a day or two," she cried hotly, "without being forced into a lonesome tete-a-tete with you. I'm tired of having chances made for you to see me, tired of having people get out of the way for us."

[illegible]

"[illegible] Martin," the [illegible] "So far as I know, you are one of the best men on the payroll, but there are rumors that you are not altogether what you seem to be, and that there is a chapter in your life that none of us knows anything about."

"I can't deny it, sir," responded the policeman, somewhat surprised, but not at all abashed.

"You confess it, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you mind telling me what it is in confidence?"

"Not at all, sir," said Officer Martin. "I sing in a suburban church choir on Sunday."—Youth's Companion.

Anthony Trollope as a Schoolboy.

Sir William Gregory gave a picture of Anthony Trollope at Harrow school that makes it evident why he was so unhappy there. "He was a big boy," says Sir William, "older than the rest of us, and without exception the most slovenly and dirty boy I ever saw. He was not only slovenly in person and in dress, but his work was equally dirty. His exercises were a mass of blots and smudges. [illegible] autobiography [illegible] the friendship and companionship of his contemporaries. I had plenty of opportunities of judging of Anthony, and I am bound to say, though my [illegible] for my unkindness, that I did not dislike him [illegible] for he was rude and [illegible], but I thought him an honest [illegible] was no sneak. His [illegible] were external. All the rest of him was right enough. He might have been a thoroughly bad young fellow and yet have had plenty of associates. He gave no sign of promise whatsoever, was always in the lowest part of the form and was regarded by masters and boys as an incorrigible dunce."

It Depends.

The Inquiring Boy—How long a time is a jiffy, father? The Perspicacious Parent—It depends on whose jiffy it is, my son. When a woman is putting on her bonnet and says she'll be ready in a jiffy, it means from fifteen minutes to two hours. A man's jiffy is from one to five minutes.—London Answers.

Unanswered.

"Papa!" little Johnny began.

"Now what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now."

"Will my hair fall off when it's ripe like yours?"

WORD ORIGINS.

Some Old Meanings That Are Now More or Less Obsolete.

"Many persons," says a college professor, "elbow their way through the world and yet cannot tell why their own elbows are so named. They forget that the syllable 'ell' was once our name for arm and then for a measure of an arm's length, a sense that is plain still in the proverb, 'Give an inch and he will take an ell.' In the light of this obsolete meaning 'elbow' is clearly analogous—the bend of the arm. 'Finger' is allied to 'fang,' and 'fang' means a grasper, and 'hand' has a similar sense because from the same root as 'hound,' the game grasper, and with 'apprehend.' 'Nail,' being from the same root as 'nag,' teaches that nagging is a figurative scratching with the ends of the fingers. 'Wrist' is what wrests or turns the hand, [illegible] when we find that [illegible] 'wrist' was an old name for ankle. Vertebrae are also turners, the bones on which the body turns round horizontally, while hinges are literally 'bends,' analogous [illegible] are what it turns upon up and down. This, if still spelled as once it was, [illegible], would describe itself as the foot's stoop or bend inward to the ankle.

"Muscle, which means mouse, takes its name from its shape, and the cords which stretch it are tendons, which is Latin for stretchers. Beginners in Latin are pleased to learn that the uvula at the root of the tongue means a grape cluster; that the clavicle, which locks up the chest, means key; that a certain vein is called jugular, meaning pertaining to a yoke because near the yoke of the right and left ribs. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] in Greece, first [illegible] Africans [illegible] civilized nations. [illegible] to their [illegible]. For three centuries barbers had it all their own way in Rome. Then came the Emperor Hadrian, who, as Plutarch affirms, grew his beard to hide some ugly scars, and forthwith it became the mode. Lawyers and priests, even more conservative in their observances than other folks, continued to shave; hence, it is supposed, came the traditional practice of the English bar, through the law courts of Italy and France.—London Globe.

"Fake" Sailors Aplenty.

"Fake sailors," said a naval officer, "work on the [illegible] reputation of Jack, seeing that the real man-of-war's man is able to overcome by the strictest regulation of his conduct when on land. The navy is popular, and its sailors are popular; and, realizing this, there has sprung up a panhandlers' contingent whose regular business is the impersonation of Uncle Sam's bluejackets.

"Somehow they manage to get possession of cast-off naval uniforms. Sometimes, failing that, they go even to the expense of having uniforms made after the naval pattern. Dressed in these, they do a profitable business. 'Their ship has just sailed without them, and they want money to join her' [illegible] Some want only enough money to get to the navy yard, where they must report at once. And so on with all sorts of plausible stories. When you see a man in a navy uniform begging, take my word for it he is a panhandler and not a man-of-war's man."—New York Press.

Scenery In Bering Sea.

"Sailing southwestward along the shore of that haunt of the walrus and polar bear, St. Matthew's island, in the Bering sea," said a navigator of those waters, "one is impressed by the mingling of the grotesque and the terrible in the character of the scenery. The northwest point of the island is split up into a collection of large rocks of most fantastic shapes. Houses, spires, cathedrals and figures of men and beasts are some of the forms assumed by these volcanic fragments, which, rising black above the white, seething foam of the sea that breaks against their base, give a weird aspect to the grim and desolate region. One rock resembling a large saddle suggested to me the thought that some antediluvian giant might in his time have straddled it and perhaps fished for reptilia over the beetling cliffs which it surmounts."

[illegible] not be too often repeated that it is not helps, but obstacles; not facilities, but difficulties, that make men.—Matthews.

Childhood has no forebodings, but then, it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.—George Eliot.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take,
Powerful to Cure,
And Welcome
In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebraudt, Lea Faulkner and others.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT

[illegible]

IS ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs
at Reasonable
Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal
Wheat, Corn
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and
Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn
March 5, 1903.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are *right*.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few [illegible] afraid of germs. Yet the ghost [illegible]

Germs can't be avoided. [illegible] breathe the air we [illegible] the water we drink. [illegible] dangerously pros[illegible] when the condition of [illegible] gives it free [illegible] to establish itself and [illegible]. When there is a [illegible] of vital force, [illegible] restlessness, a sallow cheek, a hollow eye, [illegible] the appetite is poor [illegible] the sleep is broken it [illegible] against the [illegible] fortify the body against [illegible] use of Dr. Pierce's [illegible] Discovery. It increases [illegible] cleanses the system of [illegible] [illegible] Golden Medical [illegible] and alcohol, whisky [illegible]

"Your Golden Medical Discovery is a [illegible]," writes [illegible] N. Turner, [illegible] Financial Secretary International [illegible] of Teamsters, [illegible] California [illegible]. "For the past seven [illegible] my health gradually failed. I lost my [illegible] became nervous and debilitated, [illegible] despondent and unable to sleep. No medicine helped me until I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It put new life into my veins and increased vitality until I could once more enjoy life and attend to my business. Eight bottles affected a complete cure and gladly do I recommend it."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—only one or two a day will regulate and cleanse and invigorate a foul, bad Stomach, torpid Liver, or sluggish Bowels.

THE BIG STORE.

Acme Washing Machine,

Does More Work—Better Work—With Less Work Than Any Washing Machine on the Market.

Will Wash Finest Linen Without Tearing or Breaking a Thread—the Heaviest Articles With Perfect Ease.

Runs on Ball Bearings Without Effort—No Noise.

Simplicity Itself. Absolutely Nothing to Get Out of Order.

Wringer is Always in Place. It is Not Necessary to Detach.

Call and examine

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 5, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Vaudeville to-night.

—The fair is a hummer.

—Warren and Jamestown are now connected by trolley.

—The county fair, criminal court and numerous other attractions this week [illegible] things moving in town.

—Lee Dight will leave for Stuarts within a few days where he will receive instructions as a chauffeur. Mr. Dight will run G. J. Hamlin's touring car.

—A number of Shriners from this place crossed the oasis to Olean last Friday and witnessed the ceremonies when [illegible] a class taking the Shrine degree.

—Mr. Decker Parsons, of Mt. Jewett and Miss Maude Anderson, of Clearfield were united in marriage Thursday, September 28th, in the parlors of the Imperial Hotel, Olean, N. Y., Rev. F. C. Weidman, pastor of the Lutheran church of that city, officiating.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Self-marriage seems to be becoming popular in Butler county. The ceremony is completed by the clerk of courts filling out the prescribed form for such marriages and the couple are legally married. There is not much solemnity connected with such marriages but they are legal.

—A well drilled by Elder, Cory & Williams on the Cory farm at Coryville struck a vein of oil at 700 feet which is of different quality than oil found in this section. The oil is very dark, heavy and appears to be of a lubricating quality. It was shot with 60 quarts of glycerine in 14 feet of sand. It will be tubed and looks like a five barrel well. Love & Luther, got a fair well and a good gasser. Parsons & Co. shot their No. 12 and it showed up for 10 barrels.—Olean Times.

—Several members of the Colored Plantation Company, which is on exhibition at the fair this week, got into a free-for-all fight at Newton Saturday afternoon while enroute here. For a few minutes things were very exciting on the hilltop and it is said the manager of the troupe was forced to use a sandbag on one of the belligerents. Later in the day one of the colored "gemmun" attempted to show his Jim Jeffries talents on a well-known resident of East Smethport but he was down and out in less time than it takes to tell it.

[illegible] candlesticks [illegible] with stainless [illegible] snuff [illegible] wall [illegible]

[illegible] of bronze [illegible] And it [illegible] descended to [illegible] the very finest [illegible]

The Capital.

"[illegible] generally known," says the [illegible] "but it is a fact of history nevertheless that Bristol township, [illegible] on the east side of Germantown, had a very narrow escape from being selected as the site of the capital of the United States. It was a very small matter that turned the choice toward Maryland and Virginia. So positive were some members of congress that the capital was going to be located near Germantown that they purchased real estate there, not, of course, as a matter of speculation, but simply to be near at hand when the removal from Philadelphia to Bristol took place. When the vote of the commissioners was [illegible] being for [illegible] the District of Columbia. It was [illegible] that the dreaming village and Bristol township was left out in the [illegible]."

Swiss English.

The Swiss have not a perfect grasp of English, [illegible] by the following advertisement which appeared in an "English" guide book published at Berne: "The —— hotel is a very favorite resort of people fond of solitude and rest. Those who are in search of loneliness are in veritable fact constantly flocking to the —— hotel from the fore quarters of this globe." "Strange gentlemen will to please not to dress for dinner, etc., as this costume flutters the souls of the maid folk and no work is resulted. Humbly asked." Such is the announcement posted in the bedrooms of an inn in the Jura mountains.

Not Traveling Incognito.

"Miss Smiley is going to travel under an assumed name."

"You surprise me!"

"Yes; she is going to be married next week and start on her honeymoon."

Rushing the Business.

The following story is told of a one [illegible] Pennsylvania legislature:

"The session was about to expire. In accordance with the usual custom, the chair was occupied by a rapid worker, who was deaf to objections and blind to [illegible]. His name was Alexander McClure. Under his able management the bills were going through at a lightning express rate, when one measure was reached that was particularly obnoxious to a minority. Utterly oblivious to the demonstration, Mr. McClure declared that the bill had passed. Over in one corner of the legislative chamber one member was especially vociferous. He would not be quieted, and Mr. McClure was finally compelled to notice him for the sake of peace.

"For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" asked the chair.

"I want to offer an amendment to the bill," was the reply.

"Too late," said Mr. McClure, without a smile. "Offer it to the next bill. The clerk will read."

A [illegible] [illegible] relative [illegible] morning [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible]

"We [illegible] a [illegible] selections [illegible] Mr. Gillespie [illegible] with an original poem [illegible] expressly for the occasion. Name your price. We'll announce in the [illegible]."

"My price," interrupted Mr. Gillespie, "will be $50."

"Isn't that a little steep?"

"Not at all, everything considered."

The manager tried to beat him down to $25, but he was immovable, and the bargain was finally closed at the first named figure.

"Alpheus," said Mrs. Gillespie after the caller had gone, "wasn't that more than you intended to charge him when he first spoke?"

"Yes," he said; "it's just twice as much, but he irritated me thirty dollars' worth by calling it 'poem.'"

What Gave the Earth Its Motion?

[illegible] line slightly to one side of the center of the globe, which would, of course cause the earth to revolve upon its axis and by the law of inertia of matter must continue to revolve at a uniform rate of speed. This "law of the inertia of matter" is to the effect that matter once set in motion must continue to move until arrested by some outside force. Others claim that the motion is a [illegible]

How a Wound Heals.

[illegible]

Why He Sees Double.

[illegible] are changed [illegible] ball. There is a want of harmony in the action of the muscles which move the eyeballs. Consequently instead of both eyes being fixed simultaneously on an object the one receives an impression slightly ahead of the other. The two impressions are communicated to the brain, and the object is therefore seen twice. The intense congestion and loss of energy in the brain centers from overdoses of alcohol also account for the staggering gait of an intoxicated man.

How Icelanders Tie Horses.

The Icelanders have a strange but effective plan for preventing horses straying away from any particular spot. If [illegible] happen to be riding [illegible] and wish to leave [illegible] any person they tie the head of one horse to the tail of the other, and in this state it is utterly impossible for the horses to move on [illegible] it will be only in a [illegible] must be [illegible] to turn their heads [illegible] same way.

The Money Lenders.

There [illegible] anecdotes of Lord Palmerston [illegible] in Sir M. E. Grant Duff's book, "Notes From a Diary." In a debate about the Jews an orator [illegible] the house by enumerating [illegible] the things which the English owed to Hebrew initiative. Lord Palmerston in reply gave the discussion a sprightlier turn. "I quite agree with the honorable gentleman," he remarked. "Many of us owe a great deal to the Jews."

Priests and Beards.

The beardless priest is only a matter of custom, there being no edict upon the subject. All of the popes from Adrian VI. to Innocent XII. and all the cardinals and other church clerics during the same period were bearded dignitaries. Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, Francis de Sales, Vincent de Paul and the Cardinals Bellarmine and Richelieu all wore full beards.

Wine and Wills.

The Law Magazine and Review tells an old story of a Hamburg merchant who had five sons who were all ardent teetotalers. The merchant was contrary minded, and, to rescue the misguided young men from the error of their obstinate ways, he directed in his will that each of the five should on the day of the funeral drink a glass of wine to his memory in some public place, adding as a condition subsequent that if any of them should refuse to drink the enjoined glass his share of the inheritance should be forfeited and divided up among the more compliant brothers, but if all should refuse the whole family property should go to charities.

No other testament so odd on the subject of wine is recalled except that of a total abstainer who left a fine wine cellar, a recent legacy to himself, to his heir, with directions that its contents should be poured untasted on the ground.

The Life Was In Him.

Daniel O'Connell once unraveled a queer plot in a will case. Witness after witness swore that they saw the document duly executed. At last a constantly reiterated expression caught the lawyer's attention. "The life was in him," over and over repeated. "By the virtue of your oath, was he alive?" he asked one witness. "By the virtue of my oath, the life was in him," he was answered. Then O'Connell turned to the man and very slowly and very solemnly said, "Now, I call upon you, in the presence of your Maker, who will one day pass sentence upon you for this evidence, I solemnly ask you—and you answer at your peril—was not there a live fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed upon the will?" Cornered and pale with fear, the witness confessed that this had actually happened.

Does the Sun Set?

"It ill becomes any of us to criticise lapses in grammar," says an authority, "when we all of us consent to and constantly make use of one such lapse ourselves. We speak of the 'setting sun.' It is wholly incorrect. You may set a book on a table or even set a son on a chair if he be big enough not to fall off, but what does the orb of day set, and where does it set? No, sir, since [illegible] grown accustomed to the universal form, the sun sits. If it sets anything why doesn't it raise something? If it shouldn't be the rising sun, like the sun it should be [illegible] and the setting sun. That's clever. If [illegible] you get it arranged to your satisfaction try to find out what you mean when you speak of a setting hen."—Philadelphia Record.

Genesis of the Lightning Rod.

The first lightning rod was not constructed by Franklin, nor set up in America, [illegible] by a monk at Seuttenberg, [illegible] named Prokop Diwisch. [illegible] was made and [illegible] the year 1754, but was first [illegible] of the cure of Prenditz [illegible] on June 15 of the [illegible]

[illegible]

Who He Was.

A traveler saw a woman take a man [illegible] on the steps [illegible] with those [illegible]

"[illegible] there until I help Mary [illegible]"

When [illegible] reached the door the traveler [illegible]

"Is that man your husband?"

"[illegible]," replied the woman. "He's my daughter's husband, and she hasn't [illegible]"

The Bengal Grosbeak.

The Bengal grosbeak builds a nest shaped like a bottle and always selects for its support a long, little limb overhanging a stream of water. The entrance is beneath, and from the situation and peculiar shape, it is absolutely impossible for a snake to gain admission to the nest. One naturalist records seeing fourteen attempts on the part of serpents to get at the nest, but the hungry snakes always fell off into the water.

Changed Position.

Fielding—How time changes a man! There's Battser. A dozen years ago he was so engrossed with the teams on the diamond that he cared for nothing else. Now all his thoughts are centered in his family. You know he has a wife and eight children. Rhuns—Well, that isn't so much of a change. He has simply transferred his interest to his home nine.—Judge.

Working the Old Man.

"Do you think her father will give his consent?"

"Sure! I've been playing poker with him [illegible] a week for the last six months and letting him win. He'll feel like he has been offered a pension when I ask him."—Houston Post.

The Best They Could Do.

Rich Uncle—Well, Amanda, have you named the baby for me? Young Wife—No, Uncle James, but we have come as near to it as we can. We call her Jemima.—Chicago Tribune.

An Awful Finish.

Hen—What makes you look so glum? Rooster—I've just been chased out of the wood shed with a feather duster. It got so close to me that I recognized the tails of three of my family.—Detroit Free Press.

A Man of Ability.

Chollie—Can you recognize ability when you see it, Miss Ruth? Miss Ruth (looking around)—Certainly. Where is any?

INDIGESTION'S RECORD

"The best remedy I can prescribe for your Indigestion, madam, is Green's August Flower. I know of several other physicians who prescribe it regularly."

¶Indigestion is making an awful record as a cause of sudden deaths. It is beating heart-failure in its ghastly harvest.

¶You read in the papers daily of apparently healthy and even robust men being suddenly attacked with acute indigestion after enjoying a hearty meal, and of their dying in many cases before a physician could be called in.

¶This should be a warning to you who suffer with regular or periodical attacks of indigestion. If these unfortunate victims of acute indigestion had taken a small dose of Green's August Flower before or after their meals, they would not have fallen a prey to such sudden seizures.

¶August Flower prevents indigestion by creating good digestion. It also regulates the liver, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a natural way.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES
AND
PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

If you must be extravagant go to a tailor.

But if you want to be well dressed, to wear clothes having quality, style and fit, and yet only pay a REASONABLE SUM you should buy your WINTER SUIT or OVERCOAT from us.

Glad to have you come and investigate the merits of our claims. Suits or Overcoats from $5.00 up to $17.50.

Walk-Over Shoes,
$3.50 and $4.00.

Soft and Stiff Hats
$1.50 to $5.00.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

"Show Me"

These are the days when statements must be proven. We want to prove this statement.

We can please you in the Tea and Coffee line.

Chase & Sanborn's Celebrated Coffees

18c, 20c, 25c and 35c per lb.
2 lb. sealed cans 75c.
White House Coffee per lb. [illegible]

Tetley's Teas

India and Ceylon, ½ lb. pkg. [illegible]
[illegible] 30c.
Black Saladar ½ lb. pkg. 25c.
Uncolored Japan and Gunpowder
per lb. 50c.
Green Tea and Nibs, per lb. 40c.
Tea Dust, 2 lbs. for 25c.

Give these a trial.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families, and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

First Fall Millinery Opening

Beginning TUESDAY, OCT. 3, and continuing all the week.

During the week of the Fair we will exhibit all the latest designs in Pattern Hats and Novelties, new shapes in Ready-to-Wears and the most exquisite styles in Headwear for Children. Also will show a beautiful line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks and Golf Blouses. A new lot of Ladies' Skirts made up in the latest and most stylish cloths for fall. New Neckwear and Belts.

Don't fail to visit this store on the above days.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of **$100** per column per annum, payable **monthly.** Our own position and no deviation **from this rule.** Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each **insertion.**

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for **each insertion.**

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted **free.**

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 5, 1905.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Supreme Court Justice,
HON. JOHN STEWART,
of Chambersburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN,

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, the self-constituted Elijah, has suffered a paralytic stroke, and it is thought that death will result.

Do not stay at home on election day, but go to the polls and make use of your right of suffrage. The whole Republican ticket will be elected by large majorities next November if the Republicans go to the polls and vote for their choice.

EX-JUDGE HENRY RICE, aged 71 years, prominent in law and business in Pennsylvania, died at his home in Beaver on Monday from paralysis. Mr. Rice was the first judge of the 36th judicial district and for years was a director and counsel for the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will go to New Orleans despite the yellow fever epidemic. This official announcement was made at the White House Monday by Secretary Loeb after a conference with the President, at which the final arrangements for his trip through the South were arranged.

PAT CROWE, who in 1900 created such a sensation by kidnapping the Cudahy child in Omaha, was captured at the point of pistols in the hands of police in Butte, Montana, on Monday. Crowe was very much chagrined at his capture after eluding the police so long and expressed his willingness to go back to Nebraska without requisition papers.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says: The report of Francis A. S. Dodge, the paymaster general of the army, for the past fiscal year points out that the enlisted men have now every chance to put away money for their own savings by the deposit system which guarantees them absolute safety. During the year the amount deposited by the men was $1,531,020, making the total amount since the establishment of the system $26,294,326. The amount expended on account of the pay of the army during the year was $31,361,182.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 30, 1905

President Roosevelt returned to the White House to-day, members of the cabinet have already reached Washington or are on their way here and it is expected that a full cabinet meeting will be held next Tuesday at which many important department matters will come up for consideration. A somewhat unusual amount of traveling has been done by the cabinet officers this summer. Secretary Taft has been in the Orient; Secretary Shaw has skipped about the country making speeches and erecting political fences, or fence posts; Postmaster General Cortelyou has spent much time in New York; Secretary Hitchcock made a protracted hunting trip in Canada; and Secretary Root went to Labrador for rest and recreation before the serious assumption of his duties of Secretary of State, while Attorney General Moody has spent the greater part of his summer at his summer home in Massachusetts. Secretary Bonaparte is, in fact, the only cabinet officer who has confined himself to the legal thirty days leave of absence. Now, however, it is expected that the serious work of the year will begin and that it will proceed with energy by an administration fresh from contact with nature and the people.

The President has been away from Washington since the latter part of June but as is well known he has not been idle. In fact, his summer vacations would strike the majority of men as very much like hard work. Nevertheless he declares that he is completely rested and ready for a "strenuous" winter. The many interests and issues with which the President will have to deal insure an interesting season. First and foremost among the latter will come the subject of railway rate legislation, on the accomplishment of which he has set his heart. Then he expects soon to receive the reports of the special commissioners whom early this summer, he dispatched to Venezuela and Santo Domingo to make reports regarding the peculiar situation in these South American countries. It is expected that the reports of the Dominican Commissioner will be embodied in a special message to the Senate, as it will have for its purpose the inducement of the Senate to ratify the treaty which was left in abeyance when the special session of the Senate adjourned last spring. With regard to the contents of the Venezuelan report there is considerable difference of opinion but that it will prove interesting reading, and probably furnish the text for a considerable section of the President's message seems certain.

It is generally reported that the President has decided to make no effort to secure revision or modification of the tariff schedules until he has accomplished his purpose with respect to railway rate legislation. In so far as can be ascertained the President has not definitely committed himself on this score but some of his closest advisers feel convinced that they have demonstrated to him the advisability of confining his influence to one thing at a time. Later in the session, they say, he may send to Congress a message on the subject of tariff readjustment, provided Congress has disposed of the railway question.

The report of the Keep Commission will doubtless be placed in the hands of the President at an early date and will form the basis for some of the most practical recommendations in his coming message, not the least important of which will be the proposition that the purchasing divisions of the various government departments be consolidated and that purchases for the entire government be made under the direction of a single head.

One of the first and most important appointments which the President will have to consider is that of a Public Printer to succeed Oscar J. Ricketts, now acting Public Printer.

Although they may not demand immediate consideration, the President will soon have to look over the ground for material for two coming vacancies. Secretary Shaw has announced definitely that he will retire from the Secretaryship of the Treasury on February 1, next, and Attorney General Moody will retire about the same time, provided the status of the Beef Trust prosecutions will permit. There is reason to believe that Postmaster General Cortelyou will succeed Mr. Shaw at the head of the Treasury Department and that Secretary Bonaparte, now of the Navy, will succeed Mr. Moody, but speculation is rife regarding the successors of the last named officials. There is some reason for believing that George Von L. Meyer, now Ambassador to Russia, will become Secretary of the Navy but no one has as yet picked out for the President a new Postmaster General. Ambassador Meyer, it will be remembered, came home from Europe last summer and raised a large part of "the sinews of war" for the national campaign. Since then he has conducted the delicate negotiations between the President and the Czar with exceptional skill and there is little doubt that if Mr. Meyer cares to come to Washington as a cabinet officer his wish will be gratified.

The utmost satisfaction is expressed in Washington over another triumph for the Government in its prosecution of the Beef Trust and the hope is expressed that final success in the cases brought against members of this trust may effectually break up the practice of granting rebates or attempting to monopolize any particular industry "in restraint of trade." Of course that does not apply to such monopolies as the Standard Oil Company and the Coal Trust, and others which acquire their monopolies by buying outright all the natural stores of the commodities in which they traffic. There is no law on the statutes nor is it possible to enact one which will prevent monopoly based on bona fida ownership of all the natural recourses.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 30, 1905:—

Mrs. Dan Acre, Miss Ada P. Kane, Miss Elizabeth B. Kane, Kritz & Dehler, Miss Norma McGee, R. R. Ratcliffe 2, Miss Anna Swanson, John Wilson. Foreign—Valentine Dioberta.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

"Nosey" Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell had a head large in proportion to his body. His features were rugged and unprepossessing. He had three or four warts on his face, one being on the side of his nose. He wore a small mustache and imperial after the fashion of the times. His complexion was bronzed by exposure to the sun, and he had a fiery red nose of generous proportions that gave rise to many nicknames, "The Almighty Nose," "Nosey," "The Copper Nosed Saint," "His Noseship" and "Rosy Nose" being among the least complimentary.

A Good Book Keeper.

W. P. James writes: "Book borrowers are incorrigible, and book collectors must understand that for themselves churlishness is an essential virtue. I recall a good story told by Ashby Sterry of a book collector who solemnly warned him against ever lending a book and who to enforce his moral led him to a well stocked bookshelf in his own house, saying: 'Look at those shelves. Every book on them was lent to me!'"

Swallows' Nests.

Swallows and house martins build by sticking together pellets of prepared road mud. Most of the material is obtained from the drying puddles on the highroads. If not mixed with anything else the tendency of these pellets would be to crumble when dry. But the swallow tribe is supplied with a mucous secretion which enables it to gum the particles together.

Mme. de Maintenon.

Once when Mme. de Maintenon, who had risen from the gutter to grandeur, was looking pensively in the golden pool at Versailles her companion, noting the fish in the crystal water, observed, "How languid the carp are." "Yes," replied the famous beauty, with a sigh, "they are like me; they miss their mud."

Man's Helpmeet.

She was not made out of his head to top him, not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected and near his heart to be loved.—Matthew Henry.

In the Restaurant.

"He seems to be an experienced waiter."

"Oh, yes. Note the calm indifference with which he treats people who are in a hurry."

LYCEUM THEATRE
ONE NIGHT ONLY
RETURN ENGAGEMENT
Refined Vaudeville
BENEFIT OF
SMETHPORT HOSE CO.

HAZEL CHAPMAN
LEWIS EMERY
Musical Melange.

EDITH DEVINE
Songs.

HORRIGAN
Jewish Monologue.

JOHN NELSON
Magician.

MRS. PETIT DEGOLIER
Rag-time pianist.

WILL O'DAY
Illustrated Songs.

TOMMY EVERHAN
Fantastic Jig Dancer.

PRICES---Reserved seats any part of house 50c, a few seats at 25c.

Doors open at 7:30; curtain at 8:30 sharp. Reserved seats now on sale at H. C. Wells drug store.

NEW FALL HATS

Green is very nifty and I have them in three shades. Everything new in headgear at

$1.00 1.50 3.00

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 20c 10 and 20c
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

Ask for free October Style Book. Orders for Fall and Winter Catalogues now taken 10 c each.

FALL AND WINTER MDSE.

Would like to call your attention to the fact that I have purchased my new line of fall merchandise while in New York, and it is now ready for your inspection.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

September 26, 1905.

JEWEL STOVES AND RANGES
HAVE LEAD FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS.
OVER 3,800,000 MADE and SOLD.
LARGEST STOVE PLANT IN THE WORLD

No Scrap Iron

Used to reduce the cost of castings which enter into the construction of Jewel Stoves. They are made from the highest grade of pure gray iron tested, analyzed, and capable of resisting a breaking strain of 2,000 pounds to the square inch.

Jewel Stoves

Outlast all others, give greatest satisfaction, and insure greatest fuel economy. Jewel castings do not warp, crack or burn out, but remain in perfect condition after years of use.

Every Jewel Stove—no matter how low the price—bears the outward evidences of Jewel quality in the clean cut, easily polished castings and superb finish.

Over 3,800,000 Jewel Stoves Made and Sold

On every Jewel Stove will be found a Jewel trade mark and the name—Detroit Stove Works—the Largest Stove Plant in the World.

Get a Jewel and You Get the Best

For Sale by

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

H. C. WELLS
THE LEADING
PHARMACIST
SMETHPORT, - PA.

O, pickling, pickling time is here,
The busiest time of all the year,
We'll furnish before old memories fade,
For pickles like your grandmother made;
Vinegar, sugar and spice,
Onions and peppers; very nice.

Heinz Distilled Pickling Vinegar .... 35c gal.
Heinz Best Cider Vinegar .... 25c gal.
Mixed Pickling Spices .... 5c pkg.

Allspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Mustard and Pepper, Celery, Mustard Seed, Tumeric.

FRUIT JARS.

Wier Pottery Co.'s Pat. Stone Jars, Royal, Doolittle and Mason Glass Jars. Jar Rings, Caps and Tips for Mason Jars. COME AND SEE US.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of
TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES
were never so complete.
It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.
INVESTIGATE.
McCoy's Drug Store

IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE FAIR

Bring along your RAGS and RUBBERS.

J. ODESSER

pays the highest price for RAGS, RUBBERS and all kinds of Junk.

Bargains in TINWARE and GLASSWARE of all kinds.

Also a nice line of CIGARS, TOBACCO and CANDIES.

East Smethport Penn'a

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa.

Wish to announce their

FALL

CLOAK and SUIT

OPENING

OCTOBER 9th, 10th and 11th.

We invite you to call and inspect the most complete line ever shown in Smethport, and latest things in

LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

New styles in

Queen Quality Shoes
Royal Shirt Waists
Duchess Skirts.

The Lindholm Co.

Be sure

and visit

Redfield's

booth at

the Fair.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 5, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Teachers' institute next week.

—Cameron county is having a fair this week.

—Mrs. B. L. Knapp is seriously ill at her home on King street.

—A. L. Ives has accepted the position of chief of police of Eldred.

—Carrie Reilly Clark & Co. have an interesting ad in this issue.

—The next meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Saturday, Oct. 14.

—Buy a course ticket for the institute entertainments and save sixty cents.

—"New Things to Wear" is the title of Fry & Comes' advertisement this week.

—At St. Lukes' church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

—Follow the crowd to the Lyceum to-night. The Elite Vaudeville Co. is the attraction. Nuf ced.

—Wade Burdick has accepted a position as bookkeeper with E. W. Strong and will enter upon his new duties next week.

—Miss Eva M. Zwergel of New York has accepted a position as head trimmer in the millinery store of Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.

—Don't fail to hear them all—the four institute entertainments. Each is something extra in its line, and you get them all for one dollar.

—The Lindholm Company will have a fall opening on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Their new ad will tell you about it.

—Miss Jennie Curran entertained fifteen young people last Friday and an enjoyable time was provided. Miss Jennie received many useful and beautiful gifts from her young guests.

—"Picturesque Song," presented by Miss Mary M. Howard, and the Harmonic Quartette gave a high class and pleasing entertainment before a small audience at the Lyceum last nigat.

—The Traveler's Club will meet Saturday, October 7, at the Baptist church at 3 o'clock. It will be visitors day and the special subject is Wm. Mckinley. Home Life, Mrs. Lemmler; Military Career, Mrs. Powell; Political Honors, Miss Ella Young.

—A court attendant asked if the chimes he heard one morning this week were on the MINER office. No, the chimes are on St. Luke's church, but the question naturally arises whether it was really the chimes he heard or the symphony quartet of the MINER office.

—You owe it to yourself, your town and to the teachers—that dollar you are going to spend for a course ticket to the four best entertainments that ever came to Smethport. Do not fail to pay the debt.

—The engagement of Miss Emily Quinn of Washington, Pa., and Mr. Scott McKeown has been announced. Miss Quinn has many friends in this county who extend congratulations in advance.

—The Philadelphia Inquirer has offered to give the Athletics of that city $1000 in gold, to be divided among the players if they will win a majority of the games in the World's series with New York, after the league season ends.

—Charles Brewster, who was on trial at Coudersport last week for the murder of his step-father, Marshall Stryker, was found guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. Unless a new trial is granted this young man will have to face the hangman's noose.

—Game wardens throughout the state have received notice to strictly enforce the law in regard to Sunday hunting. In some respects this law is not popular because there are a great many men who do not get any other chance to hunt, but the wardens must do their duty.

—A leak from a pipe line about a week ago covered the surface of Comes' cove with a thick coating of oil. On Sunday last the oil was set on fire and the several acres of burning oil was a spectacle that attracted many visitors. The cove is situated near the Pennsylvania railroad track, about a mile above the fair grounds.

—A horse became frightened at an automobile on the fair grounds Tuesday afternoon and in a mad plunge knocked a man down and it looked as though he would be seriously injured for he fell directly under the animal. However the man escaped without the slightest injury. We were unable to learn the man's name.

—A small fire occurred at the home of Charles Mesler on Green street Sunday afternoon. While Mr. Mesler was lighting a match the lighted end flew and in a few moments an upholstered chair and a pair of lace curtains were ablaze. An alarm was sounded but the fire was extinguished with little damage before the firemen arrived.

—Saturday evening as E. T. Newman was driving his automobile up Main street he ran onto the carriage of Joseph Powell, damaging it considerably. The occupants were thrown out but only slightly bruised and the horse did not get away. Mr. Newman only had his oil lamps on the machine and the rig being in the shade of the trees on West Main street, he did not see it in time to stop his automobile or turn out.

—The Sunday school of the M. E. church will hold its session as usual next Sunday at 11:45 a. m. There will be no preaching service because of the absence of the pastor at the session of conference. The congregation, however, is invited to unite with the congregation of the Baptist church, where the Rev. Mr. Day will preach morning and evening.

—No preaching service in the M. E. next Sunday, union services will therefore be held in the Baptist church at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject will be "The Value of a Man," Theme: "Wanted, Men and Women." Evening subject, "A Man, Christ the Ideal Under Suffering." Theme: "Wanted, Men and Women." All our M. E. brethren are invited, the public in general are always welcome, and we especially invite strangers in town.

Death of George Camp.

George Camp, a well-known glass-worker and a former resident of this place, died Friday morning at his home, No. 21 Cole avenue, Bradford, after a long illness of a complication of ailments.

Mr. Camp came into McKean county several years ago and became identified with the Camp Glass Co. of Smethport, and with the exception of about two years he had been interested in the glass business here and at Bradford. Two years ago Mr. Camp went to Clarksburg, W. Va., and acted as manager of a glass plant there. The climate of that country did not agree with him and last summer he came to Mt. Jewett in the hope of benefitting his health, but it proved unavailing and he gradually sank until death resulted.

Besides his widow there survives to mourn his loss, a son, Harry; a daughter, Miss Pearl; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Camp of Clarksburg, W. Va.; three brothers, T. W. of this place, Daniel and Harry of Clarksburg, and four sisters, Mrs. Norman Keefer and Mrs. F. F. Riggall of this place, Mrs. Albert Calderwood of New Castle and Mrs. Wm. Westcott of Clarksburg.

Funeral services were conducted Saturday afternoon from the Baptist church at Bradford and the remains were taken to New Castle Sunday morning for interment.

Bad Fire at Larabee.

Early Friday morning the village of Larabee was visited by a disastrous fire which destroyed the McDonald Hotel, hotel barn, out-buildings and the grocery store of D. H. Carpenter and damaged the Pennsylvania railroad station.

About 4 a. m. inmates of the hotel were awakened by an explosion and upon examination they discovered the kitchen to be a mass of flames. Owing to lack of firefighting facilities but little could be done to prevent the spread of the fire, although two railroad engines were put in use near the scene and a bucket brigade was formed. The live stock from the barn was rescued and a portion of the goods in the store, but everything in the hotel was burned, including $800 in money belonging to the proprietress, Mrs. McDonald.

The total loss is estimated at $12,000, with a partial insurance. The hotel building was owned by A. J. Warshofsky, who until recently was a resident of Smethport and was insured to the extent of $1,000.

Shocking Crime at Galeton.

Charles Clapp of Galeton was placed in the jail at Coudersport last week charged with incest upon his 12-year-old daughter, who gave birth to a child on Sept. 21. Such a debasing crime as that has led many a man to be lynched or burned at the stake, and there is no law in the State that would give a wretch of that nature the punishment he deserves.

On the night she became sick with child-birth he left the house, ostensibly to go for a doctor, but instead he left the poor child in her suffering and kept in hiding for two days. Her agonizing cries attracted the neighbors, and when they went to her assistance their feelings can better be imagined than described. The child was taken to the home of Arthur Herriman and a doctor hurriedly summoned. When questioned as to who was responsible for her condition, the poor little child innocently informed them that it was "papa."

Shriners Meet at Olean.

On Friday last about one hundred Nobles of the Ischmalia Temple, Mystic Shrine, came to Olean and worked the degree on eighteen novices, in full ceremonial, in the presence of a large number of visiting Shriners from Bradford, Smethport and other towns.

The Buffalo Shriners were met by a large delegation of Nobles, headed by the Olean band, and the visitors were escorted to the Olean House, which was headquarters. The degrees were worked in the Masonic Temple in the evening, after which a standing lunch was served in the dining room of the Olean House.

Among the Smethport Nobles who attended were: Dr. John Clark, Dr. Burg Chadwick, Geo. W. Mitchell, W. H. Morrison, S. E. Bell, O. J. Hamlin, Fred D. Gallup, T. H. Pancoast, H. H. Redfield, W. A. Andorfer, E. T. Newman, Sheridan Gorton and Harry L. Backus.

W. A. Grinard

Successor to Geo. L. Smith & Co.

AUTOMOBILE & BICYCLE REPAIRING

Automobile Sundries
Nickel Plating
and Polishing.

257 N. Union St. Olean, N. Y.

Personal Mention.

W. E. Provin is over from Bolivar attending the fair.

Mrs. May Bush of Olean is visiting relatives in town.

A. J. Warshofsky of Rochester, N. Y., is in town on business.

Will O'Reilly sailed from New York on an extended trip to Spain.

Dr. G. A. Wilson had business in Port Allegany the first of the week.

Rev. A. C. Willey is in attendance at the M. E. conference in Wellsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jordan of Port Allegany are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Elmer Shobert has returned from a brief visit to her parents in Corning.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Anderson of Colegrove were visitors in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clarke have returned from a sojourn at Cambridge Springs.

Mrs. E. V. Lewis of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Mt. Jewett was the guest of friends in town Monday.

Mrs. W. L. Hamming of Welch, W. Va., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

Ed McClure came over from Austin this week to see the fair and renew acquaintances.

F. B. King of Ceres had business in town this week and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Rev. P. J. Cusick of Dallas, Texas, was a guest at the home of H. R. Henderson this week.

Mrs. Ira Lucas of Eden, Md., is renewing acquaintances among relatives and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weaver and little daughter of Davis, W. Va., is visiting relatives in town.

Howard R. Shobert has returned to Vilas, Pa., after a short visit with his brother, Elmer, of this place.

Mrs. G. A. Taylorson and Miss Margaret Anderson of St. Marys were guests of friends in town yesterday.

Miss Emma Duntley, who has been the guest of friends in town for a few days, has returned to Ithaca, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Matson, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Mullin and the latter's sister, Miss Frances Connolly, of Bradford are attending the fair this week.

Miss Maybelle Victoria Fairfield, who has been the guest of Miss Georgia Crosby, left Monday for Rochester, where she will visit her brother before returning to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. McQuiston, who have been visiting Mrs. McQuiston's parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy, left to-day for Chicago where they will visit relatives before returning to their home in Vera Cruz, Mexico.

"A Saucy Singer"

Is what one reviewer called Edmund Vance Cooke in reviewing his "Impertinent Poems." Certainly, most of us will be ready to admit that Mr. Cooke has the faculty ascribed to him by eminent critics of putting his finger firmly upon our most human foibles. Who is there who will not admit to himself the witty impeachment which he presents in his "Don't You?"

A very strong point of Mr. Cooke's "impertinence" is that he does not exempt himself from its rebuke, but chides us with a whimsical sympathy. At the county institute on the evening of the 12th inst. we shall be able to come face to face with him and get his fun and philosophy first hand.

Go to J. C. Hamlin for all kinds of Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses and Preserving Kettles.

For sale, a large line of Heating Stoves, at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

AT

MRS. M. L. BISETT'S

you will find the late styles in

FALL SHIRT WAISTS,
NEW NECKWEAR

the latest things in

HAND BAGS

and many other correct novelties for Fall Wear.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett

THE CITY STORE.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

NEW THINGS TO WEAR.

You're interested of course—every man, woman and child needs to replenish some part at least of his or her wardrobe for the cold weather that will soon be here.

There's something new coming 'most every day. Along with the latest fashion ideas we offer the best possible values and assortments that will scarcely be equalled hereabouts. Come—we would like to have you see what's here.

Waldorf Waists

Ever wear a "Waldorf" waist? If you have you'll be here without further remarks. They're the best fitting waist we ever had in the store and new ideas in get up are delightfully plentiful. The materials are mainly Nun's Veiling, Albatros and Silk.

Black, white and colors $2.00 to $5.75.

Silk Petticoats

There's a surprise in store for you here in a $5.00 Black Silk Petticoat. It's really worth a dollar more you'll admit. Then there are some others that will please you in black and colors at from $4.50 to $7.50.

Furs

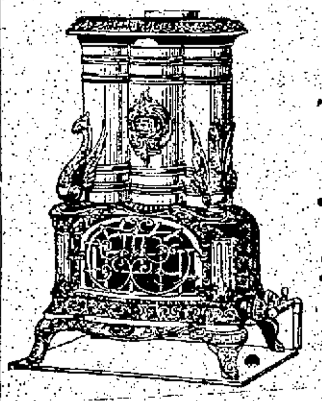
Fashion says every woman must wear furs this winter—good comfortable idea too. Don't put off buying until the best pieces are sold. We've a big lot about a hundred pieces but you know in a lot like this there are always some extra choice ones. Be first!

Jackets $25.00 to $50.00.
Scarfs $2.00 to $30.00.
Muffs $1.50 to $7.50.

FRY & COMES.

Are you prepared to welcome the coming winter?

If you install our excellent Heaters in your home we guarantee satisfaction.



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SMETHPORT - PENN'A.

OUR REGULAR SEPTEMBER REDUCTION SALE

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EVERYTHING at reduced Prices including DIAMONDS

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

WON BY A YARD

By F. L. KNIGHT ADKIN

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"Yes, yes. I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that you are hardworking, honorable and trustworthy. Surely I have proved that by taking you so completely into my confidence in business matters. But that is not sufficient. The man who marries my daughter must have shown some striking evidence of business acumen before I give my consent." Mr. Brampton, banker and diamond merchant, wiped his glasses and sat back in the comfortable chair of his private office, dismissing the whole matter with a wave of his hand.

Eric Wilmanton, his confidential secretary, also tried to forget the matter, temporarily, but with less success. "He's such a self willed old gentleman," he sighed to himself. "But if he weren't Dora's father I should call him a stubborn old fool." This [illegible] train of thought was broken by the entrance of a clerk with a card. He took it. "Mr. Wilfred Norton Harrington to see you," he said. "I don't think he's a client of ours."

"Harrington—Harrington," murmured his employer. "I don't recollect the name. Oh, yes, though. I fancy he must be the son of that wealthy old Harrington of San Francisco who died a couple of months ago. I heard that the young man was going to settle in New York. Send him in," he added to the clerk.

The latter retired and presently admitted a tall, clean shaven man of about forty, dressed in a top hat and fashionably cut frock coat, which did not seem to fit him.

"Mr. Brampton, I believe. I should like to transact some private business with you if you can spare the time," said the stranger.

"My secretary is entirely in my confidence," answered Mr. Brampton. "In fact, I depend on him a good deal, so you may speak quite freely."

Mr. Harrington sat down and placed a [illegible] jewel case on the table. "I have no doubt you know of my father's death some two months ago, and [illegible] that I have purchased No. 8 Fifth avenue. I have my affairs pretty well settled now, but in looking over the jewelry left by my father I find that there are several things which I don't care to keep. Pearls, for instance, my wife has a superstitious horror of. She refuses to wear them and it would be ridiculous to keep them locked up in the safe." He paused for a moment and took from the case a magnificent rope of graduated pearls. "Here is a string of 175 pearls that I am willing to dispose of."

The other two bent over it with interest; they were indeed a [illegible] set.

"I think I remember [illegible] that your father [illegible] some [illegible] ago," said Mr. Brampton, [illegible]

The [illegible]

"I [illegible] but if [illegible] these I will [illegible] death."

"My wife insists [illegible] my disposing of them that I [illegible] to let them go at a price considerably below their value."

The other two [illegible] at each other. "It is not a matter to be decided offhand," said Mr. Brampton. "But if you will give me time for consideration, I think we can come to an agreement."

"If a few hours [illegible]," suggested Harrington. "[illegible] very pleased if you would dine with us and [illegible] the matter this evening."

"That is [illegible]

or [illegible]

"[illegible] you would like to [illegible] that everything is all right," said Eric when the door was closed.

"Yes. I'll wire the Pacific bank as a matter of form, but of course his receiving me in his own house will be really sufficient. Every one knows he's bought No. 8 Fifth avenue." Mr. Brampton wrote and dispatched the message immediately.

A satisfactory reply arrived before they left the office. Mr. Harrington had removed a considerable amount of jewelry from that very bank to his New York house about a fortnight before.

"If I can conclude this purchase satisfactorily it will mean a considerable turnover," said the banker as he left the office. "You lack real business instincts, Wilmanton, in being too cautious. I know you didn't like this man's appearance, and you would have let the matter go, very like."

"I shall be anxious to hear what kind of an understanding you come to this evening," said Eric.

* * * * * * * *

At 10 o'clock next morning Mr. Brampton arrived at the office in an excellent frame of mind. "I have bought the pearls for $35,000," he said as he hung up his hat. "Those Harringtons are charming people. Of course I was the only guest, as they are still in mourning."

"How did you like the lady of the house?" asked Eric.

"She seemed a very fine woman, but just a trifle common, I thought. She spoke with a slightly foreign accent, but I may have been mistaken. She seemed very anxious to get rid of the pearls; said they always brought her bad luck or some such foolishness, and so we concluded the bargain. Mr. Harrington promised to bring them around at noon, and I'll give him the check. By the way, there was a man in the telephone booth as I came through the outer office. Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, the building is being rewired, and for today they have put us on a party wire."

Mr. Brampton nodded, and they proceeded with the business of the day.

Shortly after noon Harrington arrived.

"Good morning," he said. "I trust that we can transact our business quickly, as my wife is waiting in a cab outside, and I am rather pressed for time."

"Certainly; the check is already drawn out," answered the banker. "Ring up the bank, Wilmanton, if you please, and notify them that Mr. Wilfred Norton Harrington is coming round to cash my check."

Eric shut himself into the booth in the outer office and put the receiver to his ear. He was about to call "Hello!" when he heard a voice, which he recognized as that of Walters, a lawyer in an office below, saying:

"Is this Mr. Harrington?"

"Yes," answered another voice.

"I thought it was your voice, Wilfred. Just come from 'Frisco?"

"No, my wife and I made a flying trip to Europe on business, and got back a day earlier than we expected."

"Well, you kept every one pretty well in the dark. Have you opened up your new house yet?"

"No, but my valet and my wife's maid have everything ready. I am going up there as soon as I've seen my things through the customs."

At this point Eric broke into the conversation and persuaded Mr. Harrington the second that he had better present himself at the offices of Brampton & Brampton within half an hour, if he valued his property.

Then he rang up another number, and after a short conversation hung up the receiver and returned to the private office.

The others were a little impatient at this delay. "I think you will be received properly at the bank," Eric said politely.

The banker went to the extent of fetching the visitor's hat and cane.

Mr. Brampton noticed the alteration in his manner. "I see your opinion of Mr. Harrington has altered now," he said presently.

"I suspend judgment for half an hour," laughed Eric enigmatically.

Some ten minutes later the door flew open and in rushed Harrington No. 2, accompanied by Walters, the lawyer, from downstairs.

In the scene that ensued the principal actors had the stage to themselves, except when the lawyer was called upon, while Eric sat back and enjoyed the excitement.

First the rightful owner of the gems raved at their loss, but was pacified when he found them intact; then the banker realized that he was $35,000 out [illegible] gave way to his feeling [illegible]

[illegible]

"I [illegible] that's [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible]

In less than an hour Mr. Brampton [illegible] in his office chair.

"Well, I [illegible] see you've pulled this [illegible] pretty well, my boy," he said, [illegible] from his [illegible] "Now tell me how it happened and what it all means."

"It was simple enough," explained Eric. "[illegible] the real Harrington had given the pearls to this man Tom [illegible], his valet, to put in the bank just before he started for Europe, and also had given him orders to help this [illegible] maid to get the house ready for them on their return. Thus they were enabled to pose as Mr. and Mrs. Harrington and invite you to dinner to avoid suspicion. I realized this from the conversation over the telephone, and called up the bank to have them arrested [illegible] they got there. It saved us the fuss of detaining him here till the police arrived."

"Well, you have saved me $35,000," congratulated Mr. Brampton.

"Would you describe that as a striking instance of business acumen?" questioned Eric timidly.

The banker remembered the conversation of the day before.

"Why, yes—er—no—that is—I give in, my boy. You've won her fairly."

"I've won," murmured the young man triumphantly; "won by a yard—of pearls!"

Sensitive About Names.

Three times the clerk made an ineffectual attempt to spell the name. Finally she gave it up and said, "How do you spell it, please?"

The customer with the polysyllabic name snapped out half the letters of the alphabet. "It's funny you couldn't get that," she added angrily.

"I knew she'd get mad if I asked her how to spell it," sighed the clerk. "They all do. No matter how odd a woman's name, she seems to think that everybody ought to spell it right off. Failure to do so is construed as a downright insult. Evidently no woman likes to answer to a name that stumps everybody else, and it is only when the girls behind the counter fall down over it that she realizes how impossible it really is. Then she takes her spite out on the poor clerks. Since I have learned that peculiarity of shoppers I generally guess at the spelling rather than make them angry."—New York Press.

DICKENS' "SITUATIONS."

The Similarity of His Methods In Winding Up His Plots.

It is curious what a penchant Dickens had for certain melodramatic situations, which seemed to his fancy so telling that he repeated and reproduced them many times over. That his works are all dramatic and conceived in the true spirit of the stage is plain from the vast list of adaptations. Each story has been adapted again and again and will bear the process admirably.

One method for winding up his plot, to which he was excessively partial, was the unmasking of the villain owing to the betrayal of some confederate. The parties are generally brought together in a room by the more virtuous members. The confederate then emerges from his concealment and tells a long story of villainy. We have this denouement first in "Oliver Twist," where Monks makes his revelations. In "Nickleby" Ralph is confronted with "the man Snawley and Squeers." In "The Old Curiosity Shop" Quilp is similarly exposed. In "Barnaby Rudge" Haredale forces his hereditary enemy to make revelations. In "Chuzzlewit" Jonas is confronted with another betrayer. In "Copperfield" Uriah Heep is denounced and exposed by Mr. Micawber. In "Bleak House" Lady Dedlock is similarly tracked. In nearly all the cases the guilty person goes off and commits suicide.—London Spectator.

THE FLUTED COLUMN.

Why the Greeks Adopted This Form In Their Architecture.

The Greeks observed that a smooth column melted in the light and that its lines were vague and uncertain, writes Jean Schopfer in the Architectural Record Magazine. In order to restore its definiteness they conceived the idea of fluting it. The sharp ridges of the flutings, catching the light, contrasting with the dark hollows, thus giving body to the column and emphasizing the vertical outline of the edifice, whence a double advantage. This discovery could never have been made on paper.

Then, as the absence of the capital casts a shadow upon the top of the column, the junction of capital and column becomes indistinct. To restore the necessary effect the Greek cuts several deep lines at the point of junction, and to emphasize them he paints them in a dark tone. Even the curve of the circular torus carrying the abacus is so designed that the bright light striking upon the relief shall fade into a shaded half tint toward the hollow. Thus, as Viollet le Duc truly says, the Greek preserves even in appearance the forms which his reason tells him to adopt as being the best and most enduring.

A GORGEOUS SIGHT.

The Way an Eskimo Belle Looks When Dressed For a Dance.

When an Eskimo young lady goes to a ball she is a gorgeous sight to gaze upon. A traveler reports just how one belle was dressed on such an occasion.

Her dress was made of the intestines of a seal, split and sewed together. This makes a transparent [illegible] strips of [illegible] skin. Her hair was braided on each side with strips of [illegible] skin and strings of beads. Heavy necklaces and pendants of beads and teeth of animals hung around her neck and over her shoulders.

Snow white gloves made of fawn skin were on her hands. They fitted perfectly and were ornamented with strips of skin from some animal's [illegible] paws [illegible]. To complete this elaborate outfit this Eskimo belle carried four eagle feathers, one in each hand, which she waved as she danced.—Washington Star.

Get Outdoors.

Get outdoors and you won't need to take sleeping [illegible]. It is a [illegible] that we ought to be out in the fresh air and sunshine very long before feeling an inclination to drowsiness. Isn't it the easiest thing in the world to lie down in a sunny field with a handkerchief over your face and fall asleep? Make it your habit. If you have ever crossed the ocean you must have noticed how the fresh breezes and the sun's rays set the passengers dozing in their chairs. Sunlight and air are nature's own remedies for sleeplessness, and if insomnia patients could take a good course of this treatment they would need no poppy juices.

The Cormorant.

The cormorant is trained by the Chinese as a fishing bird. A ring is placed around the bird's neck, which prevents it from swallowing the fish it has taken. One Chinaman will utilize a dozen of these birds during the day's fishing, sending them under the water in regular succession. They were formerly used in the same manner in England. Charles I. had an officer of his household designated as master of the cormorants.

Not the Girl to Endure a Slight.

"We need no ring to plight our troth," he suggested as he kissed her impetuously.

"Yes, we do," retorted the maiden. "None of your sleight of hand tricks with me."

Marital Amenities.

Mrs. Naggers—The dentist half killed me this afternoon. Wasn't it too bad?

Mr. Naggers—Yes. I don't believe in half doing things.

As a rule people discover a man to be worth listening to only after he is gone.—Schopenhauer.

FEROCIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

An Incident In the Life of the Tragedian Macready.

Between Macready and my elder brother Charles existed a kind of ferocious friendship. Macready, whatever he may have been in private life, had at the theater a simply horrible temper and he was in the habit of using at rehearsals and even in an undertone when acting the most abusive language—language which my brother sometimes passed by with a smile, but which he occasionally hotly resented. He did not mind Macready constantly addressing him as "beast," but he objected to having his eyes, his limbs and his internal organs coupled with invective terms. Yet, oddly enough, the great tragedian, with whom he was constantly quarreling, had a grim respect and liking for him. He knew him to be a gentleman and a scholar and one who was a competent judge of picturesque effect and an acute dramatic critic. On one occasion Macready, having to play "Othello" and my brother not being included in the cast, the tragedian thus addressed him: "Beast, I want you to go in front tonight and give me afterward a full and candid opinion as to the merits of my acting. Omit nothing. Tell me how I played and how I looked. I have an idea that I shall surpass myself this evening." Now, the great actor used to go through a tremendous amount of realistic effort in the part of Othello and toward the close of the tragedy would get into such a disorganized physical condition that he was all perspiration and foaming at the mouth and presented a somewhat shocking spectacle.

My brother duly occupied a seat in the front row of the dress circle and narrowly watched the performance from beginning to end. Then he went behind the scenes and repaired to Macready's dressing room. The artist was being disrobed by his dresser and was panting with excitement in an armchair.

"Well, beast, what was it like?"

My brother told him that he had derived the highest gratification from the performance and he had never seen him play Othello more superbly. He was magnificent in his speech to the Venetian senate, the jealousy scenes with Iago were splendid, the murder of Desdemona was superb and he died indubitably. Macready's face lighted up more and more as my brother answered his many queries.

"It's well, beast," he observed at last. "It's well, very well, and, now, what was my appearance—how did I look, beast?"

My brother cogitated for a moment and then, with perfect candor, replied, "Like a sweep, sir!"—G. A. Sala's Recollections.

Unloaded on the Editor.

Soon after arriving in London Justin McCarthy obtained an introduction to an editor who had started what was then the novel feature of publishing short stories in newspapers. Mr. McCarthy wrote a story for him and sent it. A few days later he called at the office to learn its fate.

"I hope you can see your way to accept it," he said timidly.

"Yes, and sixty more like it," replied the [illegible].

Nothing more was heard of Mr. McCarthy's [illegible] When he [illegible] the [illegible] with Julius [illegible]

"What have you [illegible]," asked the editor [illegible]

"Those are the [illegible] stories [illegible] for [illegible]

"[illegible] I didn't ask you to write any [illegible] like that [illegible]," he said [illegible] the willingness to [illegible] like the one I wrote [illegible] and here they are [illegible] more [illegible] of your [illegible] The stories were not [illegible]

The Salamander.

In Andrews' "Anecdotes, Ancient and Modern" (1789) [illegible] glass house fire be kept up without extinction for a longer term than seven years, there is no doubt but that a salamander would be generated in the cinders. This probably accounts for the [illegible] a salamander [illegible] the fact is that the curious lizard-like beast so called cannot endure even the heat of the sun, but skulks away under stones to avoid it. It will never lose its reputation for fire eating, though, which lingers still in the heating utensil that is named after it.

Dickens and Thackeray.

"I once missed meeting Dickens at Chatsworth. He left the day of my arrival," writes Leveson-Gower in his memoirs. "Thackeray came that same afternoon and was anxious to hear about Dickens' visit. He wondered whether he had toadied the duke very much. My impression is that, though professing to be friends, these two great novelists did not care much for one another."

A Careful Wife.

Hubby (desperately)—Give me your clothesline. I'm going to hang myself.

Wifey (sweetly)—Oh, George, I'm so sorry. This clothesline is so rotten it won't hold you. You'll have to buy one, dear!—Cleveland Leader.

Sad Result of Experiment.

Aunt Ann—You think John no longer loves you?

New Wife (sobbing)—I—I know it, auntie! I p-put on an ug-ugly old hat this morning and he never noticed the dif-dif-difference!—Chicago Tribune.

Most people think when they receive a favor that it is merely a sample, and that if the goods suit they can come back for more.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—J. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. R. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Miss Lena Hyde, Secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Heerdman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—R. L. Knapp, R. G. Gleason.
Constable—E. M. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; N. Appley, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, Sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Edgcomb, John Clark.
Collector—R. A. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—L. C. Gue, A. H. Kinder.
Judge of Election—[illegible]
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CULVERTSON, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. [illegible], Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets [illegible] Thursday afternoon each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keins Hall.

Z. C. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KINDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE E. HUBER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 431 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Bickus Block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every [illegible]

MRS. JANE [illegible], Pres.
MRS. MARY [illegible], Sec'y.

[illegible]—Smethport [illegible] No. [illegible] meets every [illegible] evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

[illegible], Pres.
[illegible], Sec'y.

[illegible] Chapter No. [illegible], O. E. S. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree [illegible] Monday; Warriors' degree [illegible] Monday; Chief's degree 4th Monday.

A. [illegible]
[illegible] HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, D. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday, 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 12:15 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12:00 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel, East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday school 2:30 p. m.—The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days . . . . 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points [illegible], Buffalo and points north:
Train 123, week days . . . . [illegible] p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:18 a. m. Sundays); Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) and Baltimore 7:20 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 85, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. LV.		AR P. M.
2:20	Ridgway	11:50
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:16
3:07	Straight	11:0[illegible]
3:12	Instanter	10:53
3:20	Smith's Run	10:52
3:29	Wolcvale	10:43
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Timetable in Effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:00 m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20		6:15
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:25	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:55	6:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		4:35
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:26	5:00
		a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, E. S. BULLIS,
Gen'l Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

In Effect June [illegible], 1905.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

[illegible] a. m. for Mt. Jewett, Kane, [illegible] connecting with P. R. R. & [illegible] Ry. [illegible] Johnsonburg, arr. [illegible] Ridgway, arr. [illegible] DuBois, arr. [illegible] and Punxsutawney, arr. 11:30 a. m.

[illegible] a. m. for Eldred, arr. [illegible] a. m.; Olean, arr. 10:25 a. m., connecting with E. R. R. for Buffalo, arr. 12:45 p. m.

[illegible] p. m. for Clermont, arr. [illegible] p. m.; St. Marys, arr. 1:35 p. m.; Shawmut, arr. 4:22 p. m. and Brockwayville, arr. 4:36 p. m.

[illegible] p. m. for Eldred, arr. [illegible] p. m.; Olean, arr. 5:40 p. m., connecting with E. R. R. for Buffalo, arr. [illegible] p. m.; Bolivar, arr. 4:27 p. m.; Friendship, arr. [illegible] p. m.; Angelica, arr. 4:32 p. m.; Hornellsville, arr. 5:55 p. m.; Wayland, arr. 7:05 p. m., connecting with D., L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive—[illegible]—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane [illegible] p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont [illegible] p. m.—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean [illegible] From Mt. Jewett with connections from [illegible] p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, C. J. RENWICK,
General Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv. Westward.		
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Ar. Lv.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
[illegible]	7.55	[illegible]	Ulysses	[illegible]	2.25	9.1[illegible]
[illegible]	6.52	2.10	[illegible]	[illegible]	2.2[illegible]	9.2[illegible]
7.16	[illegible]	1.57	Carpenter	[illegible]	2.32	9.[illegible]
7.40	6.40	1.52	Perkins	7.32	2.35	9.4[illegible]
[illegible]	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc	7.3[illegible]	2.44	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1.43	Newfield	7.41	2.46	[illegible]
[illegible]	6.28	1.4[illegible]	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.4[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Raymonds	7.49	2.55	9.5[illegible]
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bridges	8.0[illegible]	3.06	10.0[illegible]
[illegible]	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.05	3.09	10.0[illegible]
6.25	[illegible]	1.12	Franks	8.1[illegible]	3.17	10.1[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1.05	N. Coud'pt	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1.00	Lv. Ar.	8.25	[illegible]	10.45
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Coudersport			P. M.
4.20	7.45	12.25	Ar. Lv.	8.28	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	12.13	Hammond	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	[illegible]
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.3[illegible]
3.45	[illegible]	11.59	Knowlton	[illegible]	6.17	[illegible]
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.5[illegible]
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.25	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	11.41	Coleman	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Chem. Wrks	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.4[illegible]	[illegible]
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	Lv. Ar.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Trains do not stop [illegible]

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry., and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

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GRATITUDE Versus JEALOUSY

By Robert Jermain Cole

Copyright, [illegible], by [illegible]

Julia Farnam watched her two friends run down the beach together and plunge with a shout of laughter into the big wave that rolled up to meet them. It made a pleasant sight for the eyes of all on the sands, but Julia was not in a mood to be an impartial spectator. She had come down for three days; she could not swim, and she thought the time was too short in which to try and learn.

Allan Wright and Bess Hart were water comrades of many summers. Julia would not spoil their sport. She had known Allan Wright only in town, and here she felt almost like an intruder. They had urged her to join them, but she fancied it was from politeness.

Seating herself on the sand, Julia began to dig a furrow with the heel of her small shoe. Then she looked out

[illegible] Certainly they were very good friends.

Julia raised her parasol and looked out anxiously toward the swimmers. They were coming back now. Suddenly she saw the girl's arm go up in the air and then her head sank out of sight. An instant later the man, too, had disappeared beneath the surface. Julia's heart seemed to stop beating. She could not cry out or raise herself from the sand. Then the man's head rose into view, and beside him he had the girl.

Julia struggled to her feet and ran toward the water. A broken wave rolled up and wet her ankles, but she did not heed it. She called to the bathing master again and again. At last he turned, and she pointed out toward the man and the girl. Allan was holding his own, but Bess appeared to be unconscious, and he had to support her as a dead weight.

It was a long time before the bathing master had gained his side, and the two were able to reach shallow water with their burden. Then, raising the girl with tenderness in his arms, Allan carried her ashore and laid her gently on the beach. Julia knelt by her friend and put her ear to the wet bathing suit over her heart. Then she looked up quickly to Allan.

"She's alive, thank God! Carry her to the hotel, quick!" The young man obeyed, Julia leading the way.

[illegible] the next day Bess Hart was strong enough to be assisted to [illegible]. Allan hung around [illegible] the girl thanked Julia with unrestrained sincerity. Julia continued to avoid them [illegible] the man appeared. [illegible] but walked out to the beach as far away as she could [illegible] from the crowd. Again she sat down and pressed her heel into the sand. She heard a step behind her, but did not turn. Then Allan's voice asked:

"Did you think three days so long a time to spend with your friends, Miss Farnam, that you must run away and steal an hour of that from us?"

Julia could not trust herself to answer. The young man waited a moment before he tried again.

"Have you forgotten the last talk we had in the city?" he asked.

"No; I have not forgotten," said Julia in a low tone.

"When I heard you were coming I thought we could go on where we left off," persisted the voice over her shoulder. Then Julia turned. When she spoke her voice had a resolute vibration in it as if she were forcing herself to say the words.

"It must be a glorious — thing — to know that you saved — her — life!" Then she finished with a self-forgetful pleasure: "We are all — I am so grateful to you, Mr. Wright."

"You all make too much of it," exclaimed Allan hastily. Then he spoke again with an earnestness Julia had never heard in a man's voice.

"Do you know what I was thinking when I went *down for her*? I thought if I didn't save her you would never forgive me. Not that I shouldn't have tried anyway, but when I thought of you I simply could not fail." An incredulous look stole into Julia's eyes.

"You don't mean you were thinking of anybody but Bess at such a moment?" she asked.

"Not only that," returned Allan. "It even flashed through my mind that I wished it were you that I was saving. It would be very sweet to have you owe your life to me."

"That would not be a very big debt," said Julia, speaking as lightly as she could and *trying* to smile up at him. The effort had so little success that she turned away her face.

"It would be the greatest thing on God's earth," declared Allan, with an almost religious fervor of tone. He walked around where he could look at her, dropping upon the sand at her side.

"Never mind about that now," he said. "Your life would be yours to give or keep even though a man should save it. If you gave it for gratitude's sake it would be no true gift. I want you, dear, without any reason."

"But don't you care for — for —"

"Nobody but you."

"I thought — I was afraid —" The rest of her words Allan broke on the lips that would say them with his own. A moment later he said triumphantly:

"Well, I don't know why you care for me, but I know it isn't gratitude."

"And I know it isn't jealousy," said Julia with a suspicion of a tear [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] realized that she was another sort of woman in her traveling gown and bore no resemblance to her other self in [illegible] attire. It was a case of mistaken identity that [illegible] joy and conviction.—London Standard.

Grave Robbers.

Dr. William Williams Keen in a book on the subject tells some interesting things about the men who used to rob graves and sell the bodies to medical schools. Dickens' Jerry Cruncher in "A Tale of Two Cities" was a "resurrectionist" by night. In 1828 Dr. Keen says there were more than 100 regular professional grave robbers in London, besides occasional volunteers. They did a large business in a perfectly organized manner. "Sometimes," remarks Dr. Keen, "they picked up cases of apoplexy in the street, carried them as relatives to the hospital and as relatives claimed and removed them after death to sell to anatomists." The resurrectionists presently began to create subjects for dissection—in other words, to murder people. William Burke, who gave his name to the crime of burking, or throttling, murdered sixteen persons before he was caught. His trial, of unexampled length, said the judge in charging the jury, lasted twenty-four hours. It was the very atrocity of Burke and his fellows that brought about such changes of laws that medical schools no longer have to deal with resurrectionists and starved the professional grave robbers out of business.

The Armenian and Catholic Church.

It was in [illegible] the year 506—that is, nearly [illegible] years after the death of [illegible]—that the Armenian church became national in the [illegible] Then it adopted the Monophysite doctrine that [illegible] but one nature, a heresy which has never been accepted by any of the western Protestant churches, by which the Armenian Gregorian or national church must logically be considered heretical. It is possibly owing to this doctrine that the Armenians use pure wine, without the addition of any water, in the mass.

Beyond this doctrine and the nonrecognition of the papal supremacy the Armenian church and the Latin differ so slightly that when an Armenian Gregorian or schismatic passes over to Rome he finds in the united branch of this church no change whatever in liturgy or ritual. I defy any casual observer to tell the difference which exists between the two churches in matter of ceremonial and general arrangement.—London Graphic.

TRICKS OF BIG WAVES.

Rough Experiences on the Stormy Coast of the Scilly Isles.

There are plenty of adventures to be found in photographing the great waves of the sea. F. J. Mortimer, an Englishman, tells of some rough experiences in getting pictures of this kind on the stormy coast of the Scilly Islands. He says: "One can never trust the sea for a moment. Once I was standing with my back to a cliff on the top of which was a friend, whose outstretched hands I could just reach. After watching the sea for some time breaking at a safe distance, I turned my back on it for one moment to reach up to my friend for a fresh dark slide. Fatal movement—as fatal as taking one's eyes from a crouching tiger—for no sooner had I turned my head than a wave darted in and crashed with terrific force on to my back. I was absolutely flattened against the rock; all breath and feeling were knocked from my body, while my camera was smashed to smithereens. Bruised and gasping, I could only totter home to bed, and two days were passed before I was fit to venture out again.

"Then there was another adventure," says Mr. Mortimer again, "caused by a rope man, who was too careless. He had lowered me down a narrow crevice, a 'chimney,' as it is called, and having seen me safely come to ground at the bottom he calmly threw the rope down to me and went off, never thinking that he might be required to haul me up again. One glance at the sea told me that I was in a most dangerous position. The tide was coming in, and would soon be welling up the chimney, and only by way of the chimney could I escape. All intentions of taking photographs I threw to the winds, and, after shouting till I was hoarse, I began the upward climb [illegible] of the stiffest kind. [illegible]

[illegible] at this unexpected discovery in natural history, combined with the start I gave when the rat touched my hand, caused me to let go my hold and to fall a distance of thirty feet. I landed on my camera, breaking up my outfit as completely as the sea itself could have desired."

The New England Cook.

The typical cook of the average New England town lives, moves and has her being intrenched behind one axiom of precedent—the thing which in her experience has been done can be done again. After this, the deluge.

It may be, for instance, that the domestic goddess in question served her first apprenticeship in a family of ten. For the consumption of such a family she was in the daily habit of preparing twenty potatoes in one or another form. When during her subsequent peregrinations she condescends to minister to my modest home circle of three persons I sometimes assure myself that if to a knowledge of elementary arithmetic she could add a thorough understanding of higher algebra, geometry and trigonometry and their [illegible] slight acquaintance with differential and integral calculus she might in time be able to discover that if ten persons require twenty potatoes, by the same ratio of allotment three persons might be satisfied with six.

I suggest six potatoes, a modest and satisfying half dozen. The arbiter of fate replies, "You see, ma'am, I've always been accustomed to cookin' twenty." And twenty it is.—Martha Baker Dunn in Atlantic.

Kicked the King's Horse.

On the battlefield, as everywhere else, Bismarck looked after the interests of his imperial master. During the battle of Koeniggratz the old emperor, then king of Prussia, had exposed himself and his staff to the enemy's fire and would not hear of retreating to a safe distance. At last Bismarck rode up to him, saying: "As responsible minister of the crown I must insist upon your majesty's retreat to a safe distance. If your majesty were to be killed the victory would be of no use to us." The king saw the force of this and slowly retreated, but in his zeal returned again and again to the front.

"When I noticed it," said Bismarck, telling the story, "I only rose in my saddle and looked at him. He understood perfectly and called out, rather angrily, 'Yes, I *am coming*!' But we did not get on fast enough, and at last I rode up close to the king, took my foot out of the right stirrup and secretly gave his horse an energetic kick. Such a thing had never happened to the fat mare, but the move was successful, for she set off in a fine canter."

The Man In South America

By EDITH DOANE.

Copyright, [illegible], by E. M. Doane

It was the dinner hour at the Ocean House. Inside the spacious dining room the hum of conversation and low laughter of women's voices mingled with soft strains of music. At the open windows the light curtains swayed gently in the ocean breeze.

A burst of infectious laughter came from a gay party at one of the windows, and [illegible] a girl who sat with her back to the [illegible] to see her face, but some one sat between them.

Just then the little party rose to go. As the girl pushed back her chair she turned, and with a glad thrill he recognized her—at last! How often the picture of that slender, almost faultless figure, the appealing eyes, the soft little touch of hauteur in the expressive face, had been in his mind during the past five months. If only she had given him a chance to explain, now, by the force of his love grown strong through months of hunger, he would compel her to listen. Perhaps she would believe that foolish misunderstanding after these two long years.

She was very near now—in another moment she must pass him. He rose, and his face was very bright and eager [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] to see you," he said, with a tremulous little smile, trying to speak steadily. Her dark eyes were full of tender light.

But there was no answering smile in the stern face above her. "Miss Worthington is very kind," he said courteously, and bowing gravely.

Her face was very white as she turned proudly [illegible]. She had lived in the hope of his coming—and he had come and did not care.

Later in the evening, so late that the long suffering chaperons had already begun to issue warning signals to their unheeding charges, Billy finished a waltz with Miss Worthington. His companion had been singularly silent.

"You look done up," he said anxiously. "Come out on the porch, where Woodruff and the rest of the crowd are."

"Oh, no—I—" she commenced in a quick, pleading voice, then stopped and walked beside him with gentle dignity. Billy drew her a chair within the friendly circle and she leaned gratefully back in her shadowy corner. The sound of violins came softly from the distance; below them was the muffled beating of the surf against the rocks; an unusual spell of silence lay upon the little group.

"Woodruff, tell us a story," said Billy suddenly.

"Yes, do—about South America"—"An adventure"—"No, a love story," chorused the others. The girl in the shadowy corner [illegible] but Woodruff's eyes turned to her for one brief instant before he spoke.

"Well—it isn't really a story; there isn't enough of it to be one. There was a fellow down there—I knew him pretty well; better than any one else did, I think. [illegible] and when we began on the bridge he went out to the [illegible] with us. He was [illegible] hadn't much to say [illegible] of the boys. [illegible]

"Well, [illegible] his story. He had [illegible] in Brazil, [illegible] about her [illegible] only woman in the world. He thought she loved him—she said she did—but they were not formally engaged because, while she was wealthy, he had only his profession. One day, when affairs were at this stage, he received two letters, one from a syndicate of wealthy men offering him an opportunity that meant an assured future, the other from the widow of an old friend, asking for an interview, and saying that she would be at his office that afternoon. She came and told her story. She had two little children and it seems they were pretty badly off.

"Well, this fellow was so overjoyed at his own good fortune because now he could marry the girl that he promised to do what he could for the poor woman. At that—she had been having a pretty hard time, you must remember—she broke down completely, fell on her knees and thanked him, and all that. Of course the fellow was pretty well embarrassed and tried to lift her up again, and just as they were in the midst of it the door opened and who should walk in but the girl and her aunt."

He paused. There was a little [illegible] sound from the shadowy corner. The others waited with breathless interest.

"Well, go on. What happened then?" asked Billy eagerly.

Woodruff pushed back his chair sharply. "That was all," he continued slowly. "She wouldn't hear his explanation. He left without seeing her. He took it pretty hard. You see, she had filled his life so completely that when she went there wasn't much left."

The little group relaxed. "She wasn't worthy him," exclaimed one girl indignantly.

"Poor chap," said Billy thoughtfully, his face unusually solemn.

"You must admit, though, that it did look queer," said another judicially.

The strains of a twostep floated invitingly through the windows. "Come on!" called a couple from the doorway. And with much laughing adjustment of partners the little group joined the dancers inside.

When they were alone the girl in the shadow leaned forward slightly.

"They were right. She was not worthy of it," she said bitterly, "but [illegible] she suffered too."

Woodruff stopped in his walk up and down the veranda. "Then why didn't she [illegible] letters [illegible] some sign?" he asked grimly.

[illegible]

[illegible] first put his [illegible] to its neck as it turned its head. That stunned it effectually and it never got into the water. The next day we found another crocodile, and my friend got it just above the shoulder. This was not enough to stop it, but we both fired as it was getting into the water, and one bullet hit it in front of the quarters. They sometimes come up again when wounded, so we waited about twenty minutes, and then, looking about, I saw it lying on its back at the bottom of the stream. It looked dead enough, so we got hold of the end of the tail and pulled it ashore. We gave it two more shots, one in the neck and the other in the middle of the back, and it then still had vitality enough to bite a paddle in two, though the legs were paralyzed and it could not move."

Diagnosed Her Case.

A famous American physician was summoned to the bedside of an elderly grande dame of distinguished name and many millions and who is one of the leaders of American society. The physician examined her carefully. Then he said:

"You must get up every morning at 6 o'clock. Take for breakfast a cup of weak tea and two pieces of dry toast. From 9 to 11 exercise, either walking or sweeping or dusting. At noon lunch on a slice of cold meat, filtered ice water and stale bread. Don't sleep in the afternoon; exercise again. For dinner take nothing but a little meat, a vegetable and toast; no sweets, no wines, no social dissipation of any kind."

The eyes of the grande dame flashed with fire as she said:

"But, doctor, do you comprehend my position? Do you know who I am?"

"Perfectly, madam," answered the physician. "You are an old woman with a sour stomach."—New York Press.

Where Bird Seeds Come From.

What we call "canary seed" is the seed of a kind of grass, and all of it used in this country is imported from Europe.

Although the plant that produces the rape seed supplied to canaries is grown in the United States to some extent for fodder, all of this kind of seed required for the feeding of cage birds is imported.

Rape seed comes mainly from Abyssinia and India, where the plant that produces it is cultivated for oil and also used as a condiment.

Hemp seed, likewise fed to cage birds, is produced quite largely in Missouri and adjacent states.

A FAMOUS PROBLEM.

It Did Not Take Newton Long to Find the Correct Solution.

In Newton's time it was often the custom for illustrious mathematicians, when they had discovered a solution for some new and striking problem, to publish the problem as a challenge to the world while withholding their own solution. A famous instance of this is found in what is known as the Brachistochrone problem, which was solved by John Bernoulli. The nature of this problem may be mentioned. It was to find the shape of the curve along which a body would slide down from one point to another in the shortest time. It may at first be thought that the straight line from A to B, as it is the shortest distance between the two points, would also be the path of quickest descent, but this is not so.

There is a curved line down which a bead, let us say, would run on a smooth wire from A to B in a shorter time than the same bead would require to run down the straight wire. Bernoulli's problem was to find out what this curve must be.

Newton solved it correctly. He showed that the curve was a part of what is termed a cycloid—that is to say, a curve like that which is described by a nail on the rim of a carriage wheel as the wheel runs along the ground. Such was Newton's geometrical insight that he was able to transmit a solution of the problem on the day after he had received it to the president of the Royal society.

ENGRAVED LETTERING.

Processes Necessary For Working on Copper or Steel.

Lettering may be described under three heads: Line lettering, such as [illegible] small lettering like that done on [illegible] cards and tickets, and script, as writing. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Englishman. A Scotchman is Sandy. The Irishman derives his name Paddy from his national patron saint, while the [illegible] nursery rhyme records the fact that Taffy was a Welshman. English sailors call the Frenchman, in contempt, Johnny Crapaud, but in France he is Jacques Bonhomme, or, as a bourgeois, M. Prudhomme. Cousin Michel is the name by which the German is known to the continental nation. Mynheer sums up the Dutch, while the Switzer rejoices in the name of Colin Tampon. Don Whiskerandos is almost a national nickname for the Spaniards, dating from Elizabethan times. Italians are known as Lazzaroni and Danes as Danskers.

Finger Rings Among the Ancients.

The hands of female mummies found in the tombs of Egypt are literally covered with rings, in many instances there being from two to six on every finger. In some cases these ornaments are composed wholly of gold, but in others, which probably represent all that is left of some poor man's wife or daughter, the rings are bone, glass or pottery ware. According to Josephus and Herodotus, the Chaldeans and Persians and the Babylonians were all very fond of rings and other personal ornaments.

They Warn Crocodiles.

Two or three species of birds are known to [illegible] the crocodile whenever he appears above water. Many a hunter has had his prospects for a shot spoiled by the alarm given by the vigilant birds watching at [illegible]. When they see anyone approaching they will fly at the crocodile's head, giving loud cries, and the beast never waits to investigate, but instantly submerges into the water at his best speed.

A Jewel of a Juryman.

Lawyer—Have you formed any opinion on this case? Juryman—No, sir. Lawyer—Do you think, after the evidence on both sides is all in, you would be able to form any opinion? Juryman—No, sir. Lawyer—You'll do.—New York Weekly.

Saved Them.

Eph—How'd you git along ridin' in them there sleepin' cars when you took your trip? Simp—Got along all right, but I caught a colored feller tryin' to sneak away with my boots an' made 'im bring 'em back.—Indianapolis Star.

Make your failure tragical by courage; it will not differ from success.—Thoreau.

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When Wooing Jane

By FANNIE HAESLIP LEA

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Jane came slowly down the stairway, hesitated a moment at the library door, then gave herself a mental push and entered.

"I'm sorry I've kept you waiting," she said sweetly, trailing her violet chiffons across the polished floor. The big man beside the fireplace ignored preliminaries. He looked from her eyes to the cluster of double violets on her breast.

"I see you got my flowers—and the message."

She nodded. "The violets are dear—and I'm sorry you're going away. It isn't for long, is it?" with timid hesitation.

"For good and all. I leave tonight on the 11 o'clock train, so that I haven't much time."

"Oh, tonight!" said Jane and sat down with apparent indifference and a realgned for support.

He leaned one elbow on the mantelshelf and towered over her.

"They've given me a splendid place in South Carolina. It's what I have been waiting for, and it's come like a shot. I only got the appointment today."

"I congratulate you," said Jane, wondering what there was in the world to live for, after all.

He looked at her for a moment in silence, and she looked at her violets through a queer grayish mist.

"Jane," he said at last, "you know what it is I want to ask you, don't you?"

Jane's heart missed a beat unaccountably, then throbbed like mad to make up for lost time. She tried to speak.

"Ja-ane," called a voice in the hall. "Where are you, Jane?"

"She's in the library," Jane heard her sister answer. "Sister, here's Lillian."

"Just a minute," pleaded Jane half aloud, and ran out of the room.

Thurston heard a murmur of voices in the hall.

"I won't stay—no, indeed, I won't," said one, and another, Jane's own, answered—he realized with satisfaction, not quite regretfully—"I wish you would."

There was a soft flurry of skirts, a nervous little laugh, and Jane came slowly back into the room.

"It was Lillian," she explained. "We run in on each other at all hours, and she didn't know you were here, so she wouldn't"—

"I haven't much time," said Thurston gently. "Let's not waste it on Lillian. Do you remember what I was saying?"

Jane remembered!

"Tell me, then," said the man, "is it worth while my saying it—don't we"—

"Some one's coming," breathed Jane, and Thurston released her hands just in time.

"Jane," said a mild voice from the door, "the maid said your mother was here. Why do you have the room so dark, child? I can't see a thing. Why don't you light another lamp?"

"Oh, Aunt Jane," cried her namesake, stepping forward with weak effusiveness and presenting a dutiful cheek to be kissed. "This is Mr. Thurston—you remember him, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Jane, "yes, indeed. I suppose you're one of the Indiana Thurstons? I had a very dear friend once, Harriet Barnes, who married a Thurston from Indiana. Any connection of yours?"

"Not that I know of," rejoined Thurston with tense politeness. "We are a New York family."

"I never heard of that branch," said Aunt Jane, with an air that discredited it at once. "Where did you say your mother was, Janie?"

"Upstairs, dear Aunt Jane. She'll be so glad."

"Are you quite well, Janie?" asked the old lady suddenly. "Your cheeks are so flushed and your hands are quite cold; you're not shivering, are you? She's such an imprudent thing, Mr. Thurston."

"Aunt Jane!" called a voice from the head of the stairway. And Aunt Jane departed.

They waited till the door had closed behind her. "Another half hour gone," said Thurston, with angry tenderness. "Your hands are cold and your cheeks the prettiest pink. Is it because you"—

"Oh, wait," she pleaded, drawing away from him. "I'm sure I heard some one in the hall—please."

"I don't care if the whole world were just outside the door, and it apparently is," said Thurston. "I want you to answer the question I've been trying to ask all the evening—will you"—

"There is some one," whispered Jane hysterically, and flinging herself into a chair just as Bobby Martin, noisily cheerful and sure of welcome, burst into the room.

"Just got a wire," he cried gayly. "Passed my exams, Jane. I knew you'd be dying to hear, so I thought I'd run over and let you know. Hello, Thurston! Isn't it bully, Jane? I'm going up next week."

"How do you do?" said Thurston furiously.

"Perfectly fine," said Jane, endeavoring vainly to inject some enthusiasm into her tone. "You can't think how glad I am, Bobby."

"I knew you'd say so," Bobby agreed cheerfully, coiling his awkward length into the Morris chair. "But I tell you it was no joke, cramming for those beastly things—came near flunking the German—ach du lieber—six pages of translation. Ever flunk an exam, Thurston?"

"No," said Thurston savagely.

"Bully for you! I say, Jane, there's a fellow in the crew says he thinks I might get on if I train hard enough, and I'm going to try for end on the varsity."

"That will be nice," said Jane weakly.

"Nice! It'll be great if I can do it. I say, you're looking mighty fine tonight, Jane; been rubbing your cheeks? Your eyes are as shiny"—

"How mean, Bobby! Are they generally so dull?" Jane giggled nervously. "Why did you look at the clock, Mr. Thurston?"

"My train leaves at 11," said Thurston gloomily.

"Going away, Thurston?" queried Bobby, with interest. "Where?"

"South Carolina."

"Mr. Thurston is leaving on—to live there," put in Jane hopefully.

"Oh, I say; that's great." Her effort died unnoticed. "South Carolina's a fine old place. I was there one summer. I tell you what, Thurston, they have the prettiest girls you ever saw. Jolliest, brightest things—not a bit stiff. A fellow can have a mighty good time there."

"I suppose so," said Jane stiffly. "I dare say you had a good time there yourself. Was that the summer you were expelled from college? I should not think, Bobby, that you would care to talk about it."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" cried the injured Bobby.

Thurston looked at the clock again, with ostentation.

"Won't you play the 'Serenade' for me?" asked Jane desperately.

"You know I can't play anything but 'The Good Old Summer Time,' with two fingers, and I'm too shy to play before people."

"I meant Thurston, Bobby," explained the girl, with suspicious sweetness. "I know what you can play."

Thurston stalked grimly over to the piano and dropped his hands on the keys with a thud, while Bobby sat back complacently in his chair and Jane fidgeted in hers. He struck several heavy chords, then began the tender monotone of the "Serenade," but the nervous irritation, vibrating to his finger tips, jarred the harmony, and Thurston, breaking off with a discordant crash, swung round upon the stool.

"I can't play tonight," he said viciously, returning to the fireplace.

"Why, you were doing fine," said Bobby, with polite surprise. "You're too modest about it."

Thurston set his teeth, squared his shoulders and looked at the clock. It was nigh upon the eleventh hour.

"Mr. Martin," he began grimly, "I am leaving upon the 11 o'clock train tonight. This is the last opportunity I shall have of seeing Miss Wallis. When you came in I was about to ask her to marry me. I am going to ask her now. Will you defer your visit, or do you care to hear me?" Jane gasped; so did Bobby, the good hearted blunderer.

"Oh, I say," he began, springing to his feet in direst confusion. "I'm no end sorry. I wouldn't have done it for the world. What a duffer I've been. I'm awfully sorry."

"So am I," said Thurston.

"I hadn't an idea"—

"So it seems," interrupted the older man, with suppressed rage, "but since I have suggested one to you"—

"Oh, Bobby," cried Jane, with a hysterical little laugh.

"Young ass," muttered Thurston, taking a step toward Jane. Bobby fled incontinently and the door slammed behind him.

Thurston caught Jane and the violets and the violet chiffons in his arms, crushing them close.

"We don't have to say it; we know," he declared exultingly.

"Yes," said Jane, with a laugh that was more than half a sob, "but we wanted a chance to say it anyhow."

A bit of coal fell from the fire to the hearth with a tiny crash.

"Was that a step in the hall?" murmured Jane. But she did not move.

Long Words.

In Frederick Saunders' "Salad For the Solitary and Social" he says, "The naturalist Lovell published a book at Oxford in 1661 entitled 'Panzoologicomineralogia,' which is nearly as long a word as Rabelais' proposed title for a book—namely, 'Antipericatametaparhengedamphicribrationes.'" And in a footnote he gives two others from a pamphlet in his possession, published years ago in London. The title reads, "Chrononhotonthologos, the Most Tragical Tragedy That Ever Was Tragedized by Any Company of Tragedians." The first two lines of this often read:

"Aldiborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?"

It is stated that there is an English dictionary containing the only word of eleven syllables, "Honorificabilitudinity." "Disproportionableness" is given as the longest reasonable word in the English language.

One Redeeming Feature.

A Kentucky woman is responsible for the following story.

"In the tobacco region of my state," said she, "the men live and move and have their being in the smoky leaf. There was a woman whose husband died. He had been an all around bad sort, and therefore when the bishop of the diocese called he was surprised to find the widow crushed with grief. He tried to console, but, finding her obdurate, he finally became irritated.

"'You know perfectly well,' said he sternly, 'that he was a derider of religion, that he gambled away all your property and that he was an unfaithful husband.'

"'I know, bishop, I know,' sobbed the poor woman, 'but I had a great deal to be thankful for. He never chewed tobacco.'"—New York Press.

Seaweed Sauces.

The Japanese have many curious recipes for cooking seaweed, which, with fern, is almost a staple article of diet in China, Japan and the Asiatic archipelago. A number of species of seaweed are eaten. Some are soaked; others are dried. Many of the Japanese and Chinese sauces are made from seaweed. Under the name of "asakusa-nori," one variety is put up in neat tin boxes and largely sold in the Tokyo markets.

The world, which took but six days to make, is like to take 6,000 to make out.—Browne.

THE KAREN WOMEN.

They Have Peculiar Ideas of Personal Beauty and Adornment.

Like the Siamese, the Karen women are not good to look upon and do not improve their appearance any by the style of ornaments they affect. When very young their ears are pierced to admit a small round stick, which is gradually increased in diameter until by the time the little girls have become women their ears easily accommodate a two inch disk of blackened bamboo. This stretches the ears hideously, as may be imagined, and when the ornament is laid aside temporarily—well, picture the thin strip of pendent ear lobe! As a rule, the Karen women wear their hair long, but, like the Siamese, some cut it short and others again keep it cropped close, except on top of the head, where it is allowed to grow to its natural length, which does not add to their by no means overabundance of good looks. Sometimes the unmarried woman wears a breast cloth, but for the most part men and women wear a loin girdle, and sometimes even that is set aside in hot weather.

To thoroughly appreciate Japanese women one should begin the far eastern trip at the Malay peninsula, journeying thence through Siam, Anam, Cambodia and China, though I confess to preferring a good looking Chinese girl to the alleged Japanese beauty.

Bracelets and necklaces of bamboo are the other usual ornaments, except when they can afford a narrow neckband of silver, which protects, so it is believed, against many evils that lurk along life's wayside, even in the jungle. The men also wear this neckband and bamboo an inch in diameter and about four inches long stuck through their ear lobes. Some of the boys are rather good looking. They wear their hair in a knot like a horn on the forehead or at one side or the other of the head or on top, and usually a turban crowns the topknot. All in all the Karens differ not a great deal from the Siamese in physiognomy, but the people in this section of the far east shade into one another rather easily.—Caspar Whitney in Outing.

CUSTOM.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

Custom, though never so ancient, without truth is but an old error.

Custom is the tyranny of the lower human faculties over the higher.

It is hard to abolish a custom once introduced, however foolish or effeminate.

There is no tyrant like custom and no freedom where its edicts are not resisted.

If you are determined to live and die a slave to custom, see that it is at least a good one.

It is of great advantage when the customs of a nation are such as are likely to lead to good habits among the people.

Custom is the sovereign of mortals and of gods. With its powerful hand it regulates things the most violent.

Custom governs the world. It is the tyrant of our feelings and our manners and rules with the hand of a tyrant.

Borrow Where They Ought to Buy.

The proprietor of a hardware store has found it necessary to display conspicuously over his counter the following sign: "Our business is to sell tools, not to loan them."

"Did you actually find it necessary to hang up that notice?" I asked him.

"Of course I did," he replied. "Hardly a day passes that I don't have somebody running in here and asking me to lend him a hammer, a saw or a chisel. It's one of the freaks of human nature, and I can't account for it. Persons who would not think of going into a hat shop to borrow a hat or to a furnishing store to borrow a shirt seem to think it's the most natural thing in the world to come in here and ask me to lend them a hammer."—New York Herald.

Bells.

Bells have been employed in association with religious worship since the early days of Egypt. Cymbals and hand bells and small crotals served for the festival of Isis. Aaron and other Jewish high priests wore bells of gold upon their raiment. In camp and garrison the Greeks employed bells. The Romans announced the hour of bathing by their melody. Copper and tin, the old composition, is still regarded as the best bell metal. Steel has been tried, but does not make a successful bell. Glass bells are mellow and beautiful in tone, but the material is too fragile. The one metal which is impossible is that which everybody imagines makes the best bell—silver.

Battle of the Herrings.

The battle of the herrings was the fanciful name given to a fight between an English force and a French detachment not far from Orleans in [illegible]. The English were conveying a large quantity of supplies, mainly herrings, for it was Lent, to the army that was besieging Orleans. The English had 1,500 men, the French 6,000. The former repulsed the assailants and saved the herrings, so the battle was named in honor of the supplies.

His Authority.

Governess (looking over geography paper)—What's this? "The people of Lancashire are very stupid!" Where in the world did you get that idea from? Pupil—Out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense population.—Punch.

Sorry He Spoke.

Husband—Well, I must say that all fools are not dead yet. Wife (affectionately)—I'm glad of it, dear. I never look well in black.—Illustrated Bits.

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CONSUMPTION

Medicine and Ceremonial.

The physicians of mediaeval England, who were for the most part monks, friars or Jews, possessed a large assortment of remedies, some of them borrowed from the Byzantine physicians, others from the traditional practice of the people. Christian physicians, however, called religion to their aid. None of their remedies was administered without ceremonial. While the medicine was being compounded the patient would say twelve times over one of the psalms, beginning "Miserere mei, Deus;" then several paternosters, "then drink the dose and wrap thyself up warm," or he would sing the psalm, "Salvum Me Fac, Deus," then drink the draft out of a church bell, the priest finishing the cure with prayer.

Dr. Creighton remarks that, as the maladies of the middle ages contained an unusual element of hysteria, the ceremonial may not have come amiss as an aid to the treatment. Physicians gained considerable fees by their practice, which the people appear to have grudged them. The satirical writers constantly accuse them of greed, but these charges were probably owing to the prevalence of the idea, not yet extinct, that as "medicine is from the Lord God," the leech was not entitled to a money payment.—London Spectator.

Dodola and Rain.

The Servian peasants have a curious old ceremony of invoking rain which they carry out during dry weather. The women of the village dress a girl in leaves and grass from head to foot and lead her from house to house. At each door the occupant pours a bucketful of water over her head, while her companions, who are mostly girls of her own age, chant prayers for the wished for showers. Invisible clouds of rain are believed by the peasants to follow the girl, whom they name "Dodola," and to refresh the fields and vineyards.

The Hope of Rascals.

Our newspapers might be much better. They could easily be made more to the taste of the people of taste. But their unlovely crying of crime, disagreeable as it is, is an exceedingly important public duty, and in their faithfulness and veracious fortitude in keeping it up lies really the biggest part of our hope of a higher standard of honesty in public and private life. There is hope for any kind of rascality as long as it can be kept out of the papers.—Harper's Weekly.

Indolent Rossini.

Rossini was one of the most indolent men that ever lived, yet he wrote operas against time, as it were. "The Barber of Seville," for instance, was written and mounted in less than a month, which fact gave rise to Donizetti's cogent witticism. Upon being told that Rossini had finished his opera in thirteen days Donizetti replied: "It is very possible. He is so lazy!"

The Cares of a Home.

"Dear me," said young Mrs. Hunnimunie, "I must see our grocer right away."

"What for?" asked her husband.

"I have some instructions to give him. I want to tell him to make our coffee a little stronger and our butter a little weaker."

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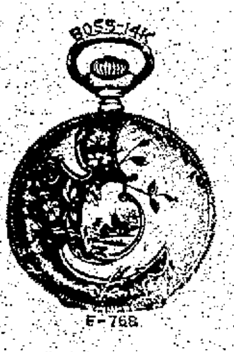

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Notice of Administration.

In the estate of Z. T. Carl, deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of Z. T. Carl, late of Keating township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Sheridan Gorton, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

SHERIDAN GORTON, Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 19, 1905.

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